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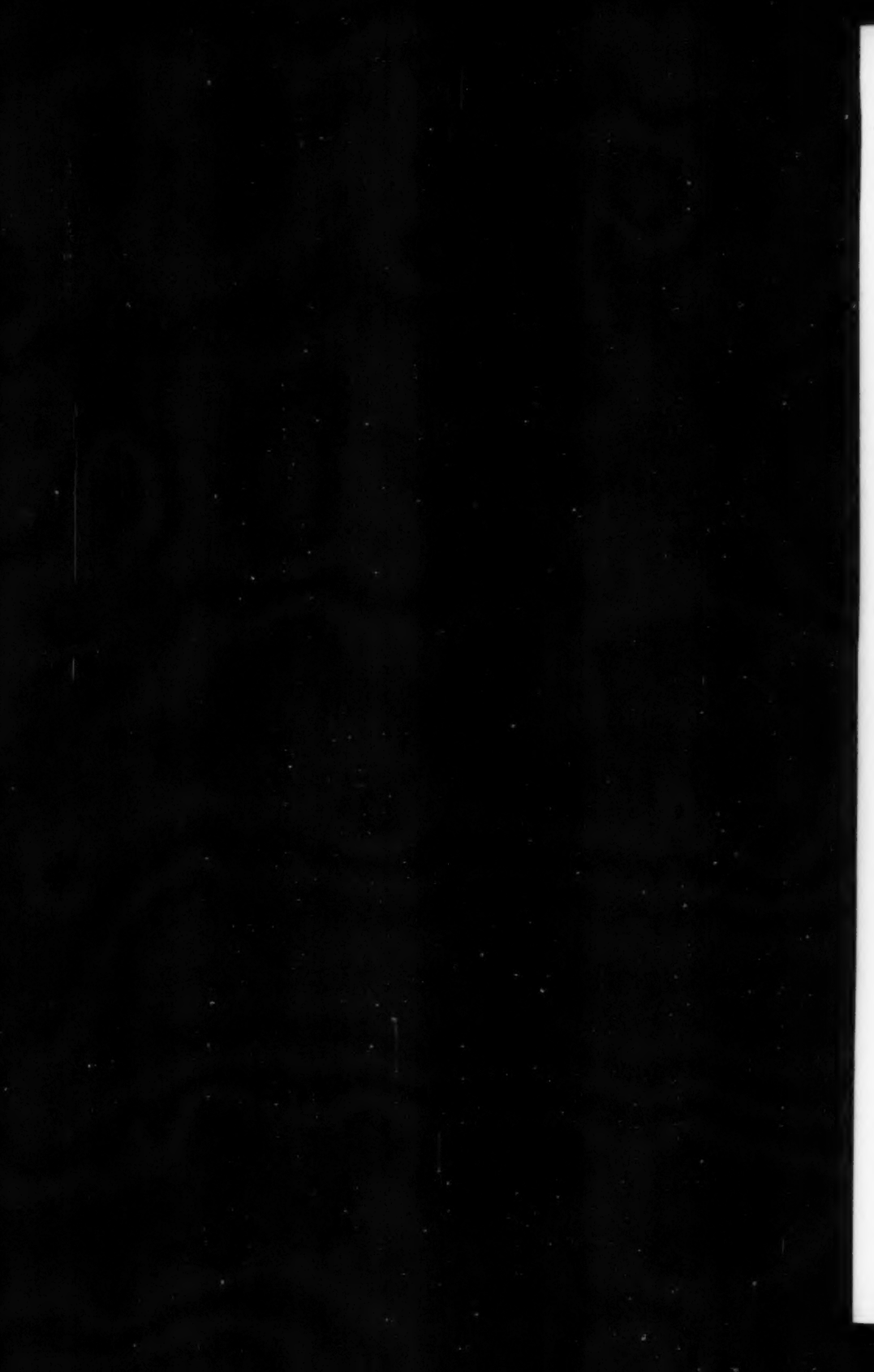
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RAIN IN THE NEW FOREST.

*By Emery Down to Minstead
In the rain on a lenten day—
About the Forest to Minstead,
And back by the Cadnam Way.*

It was afternoon when the rain came down,
Compact, precipitate, icy cold,—
None of your showers that drain them dry
Before the hurricane clears the sky.—
Lean showers, themselves afraid of the wet,
That sprinkle the forest and spray the town,
But only harden the shrivelled mould,
And leave the dust-clouds waltzing yet!

In the afternoon real rain began,—
Vaporous phalanxes enrolled,
A pluvial ban and arrière ban
Arrayed, deployed, ordained and set
To drench and saturate garth and wold,
And liquidate nature's vernal debt;
For when the herbage begins to grow
The rain is due though the dust may blow.

But the birds considered it nothing at all:

In nest and nest a clutch of hopes
Would soon be hungry and musical;
So sparrow and starling, finch and wren
In thicket and clump and sprouting copse
Chucked and chirped and whistled again:

No bird considers the heaviest rain
When nests are warm and a mystery broods
In the heart of the world and the heart of the woods.
And as for the merle.
'Twas a thing to be heard,
How he sang at his peril—
So valiant a bird!—

.

In open woodland and fenced demesne

The swarthy thickets with stripes and studs
And knops and clusters of evergreen
Were brindled and pied; the unburst buds
With a blushing promise of summer glowed
On the crimson birch; and the garnered rain
Emptied in torrents its glistened load
On the purple background and sanguine stain
Of the birch-lit forest,—a wash of rain
Like a glistening, silvery lacquer flowed
On the purple woods where the birch-buds glowed
On the swarthy ground like a crimson stain.

Rooks fell on a ruddy field with a rush
And gobbled the worms like dainty sops.
Against the music of blackbird and thrush
Amorous doves in the fir-tree tops.—
To the flute and oboe of blackbird and thrush
And the eager larks like a soaring flush
Of newly embodied chromatic scales,
Doves in the lofty fir-tree tops
Rumbled their drums at intervals.

A nut-brown brook in love with the rain,
Telling its chaplet of pebbles, turned
Under a bridge with a hushed refrain,
The muted murmur of earth's desire
For the falling, mingling, bounteous rain.
Lamps of gold in the dark gorse burned,
Golden blossoms all spiced with fire,
Tawny gold and honey and fire;
Shade and shine their tissue wove,
Pearl and amber and snowy white,
Silver and olive-green and gray,—
Shadow and shine their draperies wove
And hung the forest with changing light;
Drift of moorland and gloomy grove
Haunted the open winding way.
And falling heavy and dense the rain
Enriched and freshened the world again.

Westminster Gazette. *John Davidson.*

A CENTURY OF ENGLISH MUSIC.*

Since the first number of the "Quarterly Review" made its appearance most things have changed a good deal in England; but in no branch of art has so great a transformation been accomplished as in music, and in the attitude of the general public towards the art. In the early part of the nineteenth century the man who would admit that he understood anything about music, or cared for it beyond the degree of admiration implied in the desire to lounge in to an opera-stall after dinner, would have been considered an eccentric; though the word "decadent" was hardly in use then, he would certainly have been viewed with various kinds of disfavor by his contemporaries. It was the pride of the typical John Bull to allege that he could not recognize his own national anthem; and George III's love of music was generally held to be a symptom of the mental weakness of his last years. This profession of indifference to music was often an empty one; and in his volume of collected essays Sir Charles Stanford gives an example of the acute sense of just musical accentuation shown by Tennyson, who would never admit that he possessed any kind of instinct for music. Of course among the ladies musical taste was supposed to exist; but their average achievement in the art was on much the same level as their water-color drawing or their tambour-work. Even as a polite accomplishment their music was confined to a little harp-playing, if a young lady had a well-formed arm; the striking of a few chords on the "forte-piano," if she possessed, like Miss Wirt, "a finger"; or

the delivery of a sickly ballad, whether she had a voice or not. On special occasions those who paid court to these performers were expected to throw in an "accompaniment" on the flute; but, from all accounts, this accompaniment was of a more or less extemporaneous nature, and must have been rather trying to listeners who did not feel that music was the food of courtship.

There may have been individuals here and there who genuinely mourned the death of Haydn in 1809, who had enjoyed "The Creation," and themselves attempted some of the English canzonets; but really cultivated amateurs were rare, even among the ladies of the time. In certain of the fashionable papers musical compositions were occasionally mentioned; and their readers may have come across such a review as that which appeared in "*Le Beau Monde*" of 1809, and have learnt that there was in Germany a young composer called Beethoven, whose quartets—the "Rasoumovsky" set was under notice—were "at least eccentric if not erratic," and that "we" (the critic) "do not always understand what the composer would be at." If this were the general opinion, it is difficult to see how at the same time Beethoven was recognized, as he undoubtedly was, by the musicians of England as a really great man, whose oddities were to be condoned for the sake of the sublimity of his ideas.

Of course the amateurs did not make up the world of music, for their music-masters and the organists of the churches they frequented constituted the musical profession—a calling very sparsely filled, according to our modern standards. The foundation of the Philharmonic Society in 1813 was a purely professional enterprise, intended almost as much to draw its members together

*1. "A History of Music in England." By Ernest Walker, Mus. Doc. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1907.

2. "Forty Years of Music, 1865-1905." By Joseph Bennett. London: Methuen, 1908.

3. "Studies and Memories." By Sir C. V. Stanford. London: Constable, 1908.

socially, as to give them an opportunity of performing, and of knowing what was going on in the musical world. Undertakings of the same kind had existed before the end of the eighteenth century, such as the "Professional Concerts," the "Academy of Ancient Music," and others; but these had come to an end before the nineteenth century began. Most of the other institutions were for the amusement or edification of the few amateurs who cared for the best music. The "Concert of Antient Music" existed from 1776 till 1848; but, by its exclusion of all music less than twenty years old, it gradually became more and more dry-as-dust, and showed an ever-increasing tendency to confine its programmes to selections from Handel. The convivial societies, such as the still existing "Madrigal Society," the "Catch Club," the "Glee Club," and the "Concentores Sodales," were also meant for the pleasure of the rich subscribers, and only secondarily for the good of art.

It had not been always so in England. In very distant times Englishmen were pioneers in music. The Reading round, "*Sumer is icumen in*," is anterior to any secular composition of the same degree of development. Dunstable ranks as one of the earliest theorists. The Elizabethan composers carried that beautiful art-form, the madrigal, to a higher degree of perfection than it had attained even in its native Italy; the composers of the Restoration, from Purcell downwards, had gained for England a high position among musical nations; and even through the dark days of the eighteenth century, when the vogue of Handel's music was so strong as to swamp every effort of our native writers, there were still existing concerts with a certain amount of artistic aim. The story of the nation's music is ably told in Dr. Walker's history. In England the first public concerts of the world were

given; and the status of the professional musician was established and recognized here sooner than in any other country. It is possibly due to this early acceptance of the commercial side of music that England became so rich a harvest-field for foreign performers. The presence of these aliens, which has been a prominent feature ever since the days of Handel, has naturally kept back the reputation of our native musicians, by taking up all the opportunities for lucrative display, and engaging the attention of the fashionable world to the exclusion of composers or interpreters of English birth. In every department of music, save only that of the Church, the domination of the foreigner existed; but happily one sphere of musical activity after another has been gradually won back, and at the present moment even the last entrenchment, that of exotic opera, is in a more doubtful position (artistically though not financially) than ever before. English singers and players are being more and more widely appreciated in England and abroad; the long struggle to obtain a hearing for English music of high aim has been won; for at last the spectacle has been witnessed of all the London world rushing to the Queen's Hall to hear a symphony by an Englishman. No more striking evidence of the change that has come over our country could be given than the extraordinary vogue of Sir Edward Elgar's symphony; and, whatever the means by which public attention was at first attracted, the important point for our argument remains, that the British public has for once become enthusiastic over a piece of music of British origin.

It is not uninteresting to trace the process by which not merely the performers, but the composers of England have gradually advanced in public estimation, so that the old sneers about England not being a musical country are quite inappropriate now. In the

first article on music which appeared in the "Quarterly Review," in 1848 (vol. 83, p. 481), foreign domination is accepted as an inevitable part of the scheme of things.

If, since the early death of Purcell, England has produced but few native composers of eminence, we may be satisfied in remembering that she has adopted more than any other country. It may be said without presumption that in no other respect is the national pride and prejudice so utterly forgotten as in our taste for music; nowhere does the public ear embrace a wider range of musical enjoyment and knowledge; nowhere do the various professors of musical art find fairer hearing or better pay.

This state of almost servile contentment with the existing state of things was exchanged for a more hopeful view in the next article on music included in the Review eleven years afterwards (vol. 106, p. 82), where the reviewer of Chappell's "Popular Music" finds it possible to compare favorably the state of things in the middle of the century with what it had been a generation before.

Scarcely thirty years have elapsed since the normal John Bull was supposed to entertain a manly abhorrence against the sing-song that delighted more frivolous foreigners. . . . But now music is the rage everywhere—if, indeed, the word "rage" can be applied to a steady predilection which extends over all classes of the British public, and gives no signs of evanescence. . . . The epicure . . . finds a series of *soirées* and *matinées* sufficient to occupy his mind with instrumental music of the most *recherché* kind for at least three months in every year. The lover of sacred music is content to pass three summer hours in a large uncomfortable room, as one of a dense crowd that listens to an oratorio by Handel or by Mendelssohn.

After pointing out the undoubted fact that England had in old times been

eminent in music, and that there is no natural unfitness for music in the English temperament, the writer goes on:

The antiquary . . . knows that the anti-musical tendencies which were so highly developed in the last century simply denoted an exceptional state of the British mind. As well might the Frenchman, born during the prevalence of the Revolutionary Calendar, regard the substitution of "1805" for "xiv," and the transformation of the 10th Nivôse into the 31st of December, as the introduction of an unheard-of novelty, as the Briton express astonishment at the passion for music manifested in his native island about the middle of the nineteenth century.

It is curious to notice that there were concerts which would keep the amateur alive in music for three months of the year, and that this is considered a wonderful point to reach. There is nowadays no such thing as a period of three months during which public concerts are not given in London at the rate of some dozens a week.

It was indeed between the dates of these two articles that the movement which has been called the "renaissance" of music in England began. It is probable that the Great Exhibition of 1851 had an indirect influence upon the revival; for, although the musical arrangements at the Exhibition itself seem to have been far from ideal, yet the transference of the building to Sydenham led to the establishment of the Crystal Palace concerts, which were undoubtedly among the first and most important factors in the encouragement of music from a rational point of view. Music began to be looked at, not merely as a commercial employment on the one hand or a fashionable recreation on the other, but as an art intrinsically worthy of the best intellectual attention it could receive. While Manns gradually formed the rudimentary band of the Palace into a

first-rate orchestra, Grove, by his personal enthusiasm for the best music, and his interesting and suggestive analytical programmes, formed the tastes of an audience that came from all quarters to enjoy the rare treat of regular orchestral concerts.

Not only was the stock orchestral repertory of the classical symphonies kept systematically before the public, but new and newly discovered things, like the great works of Schubert, were brought forward; and the account of the enthusiasm which these created among the devoted musicians who journeyed week after week to Sydenham is the most interesting part of the volume of reminiscences by Mr. Joseph Bennett, the eminent critic of the "Daily Telegraph." The even more important work of the Crystal Palace concerts, in the encouragement of native compositions, must be referred to later.

About the same time as the Crystal Palace concerts, were founded the Popular Concerts in St. James' Hall, which kept the masterpieces of classical chamber-music before the world of London; for the patrons of chamber concerts before the date of the "Pops" were almost exclusively drawn from wealthy and fashionable amateurs who were regular attendants at Ella's "Musical Union" concerts and similar enterprises. It should not be forgotten that musical education is not exclusively concerned with instrumental music, though this is perhaps rightly considered as engaging more definitely intellectual powers than vocal music usually demands. There were various choral societies and the opera before the middle of the century—the Sacred Harmonic Society was founded so early as 1833—but neither the oratorio nor the opera could do much towards the regeneration of a real musical taste, although the choral societies in the north of England acquired wonderful proficiency in united singing. The institutions estab-

lished for the performance of oratorio were rendered almost sterile in influence by the domination of foreign composers, from which this class of music suffered almost more than any other. Putting aside the question of musical merit, it must be conceded that the fetish-worship of Handel, to which our forefathers were prone, was barren of all useful influence in art. The indiscriminate reverence paid, in the earlier days, to all that he wrote gave place more recently to an equally silly admiration for one only of his oratorios, so that for many years the revival of any of the others but "The Messiah" has been considered a hopeless experiment so far as financial results were to be considered. (The success of the "Israel day" at the Crystal Palace was never as great as that of the "Messiah day," although the conditions of the building were better suited to the former than to the latter work.) As a matter of fact, the worship of Handel was probably more intelligent and more sincere in the day of the Antient Concerts than in those of the monster Handel Festivals.

Long before the Handel fetish-worship had yielded to a more reasonable admiration for his best works, Mendelssohn had succeeded to a position of almost equal height; and, as in the case of the older master, one of his works was adored to the virtual exclusion of all the rest. It has never been discovered why the "Elijah" has been taken into the "great heart" of the British public and the "St. Paul" left outside. It is far easier to understand that the "Lieder ohne Worte" should have stood for the whole of music in the esteem of the young ladies who were just able to play them; for they have variety, brevity, and the gentle suavity which, until it cloy, gives great pleasure. The period of Mendelssohn's position as an object of devotion was a good deal shorter than that of Handel; and

shorter still was the reign of Charles Gounod, whose trumpery "Redemption" threatened at one time to drive all other oratorios from the field. After this craze was over, the next inebriation of the public by a musical composition was effected by Sullivan's "Golden Legend"; and the fact that here was an English work able to command even this rather hysterical enthusiasm is of itself a sign of national progress. In themselves all such ebullitions of ill-regulated popular admiration must do harm to musical progress in general, in that they keep back the production of new works and encourage that affection for the ultra-familiar of which average people in England are so oddly proud. The phrase "I like music that I know" is nearly always used with a certain amount of complacency, as if the sad limitations it implies were a cause of congratulation. This attitude is one of the most serious drawbacks in our musical condition; and it seems to have struck very few people that it is hopelessly illogical. At some time or another even the music they now like best must have been new to them; and they do not see that, if they gave some of the new music a chance to be heard, they might conceivably make a new friend after a few repetitions.

The choral societies in the north of England and the autumnal festivals in different large towns have not progressed quite as fast as some other organizations; but the renaissance has been felt even among them, and the younger composers have shown that there is something more to be desired than the old-fashioned conventional oratorio with its inevitable unaccompanied quartet, its set pieces, and its formal division into two parts or "acts," as they used to be called. The short choral ballad, of which the model is Stanford's "Revenge," the secular cantata, the most popular example of which is

Sullivan's "Golden Legend," and the non-scriptural oratorio, such as Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" and the "Everyman" of Walford Davies, have made the stiff oratorios and cantatas of the past seem terribly dull and antiquated.

The practice of commissioning works for festivals is one that has often been spoken against; and even Brahms felt it necessary to lift up his voice in protest. It certainly led many composers to work up religious feelings that were not always quite genuine; and it is true that no music written to order can be quite as good as what wells up from the heart in obedience to the inner artistic impulse. But the practice of commissioning works is not one that should be sneered at, for it provided the only opportunity for the young composer to get some experience in scoring and in conducting, and a little, though very little, money by other means than the giving of tiresome lessons to inattentive pupils. The power of scoring their works is one that has descended suddenly upon the whole school of English composers. As orchestral color, in these latter days, has occupied more and more attention, so the younger men have attained more and more skill in its manipulation; and the writer who cannot score richly and with variety stands no chance of success, however good his design may be. Form is for the moment at a discount; but that it will come again into consideration is beyond all question.

Just as the oratorio as an institution did but little towards the awakening of the country to music, so the opera was almost entirely a dead letter, for the foreign domination spoken of in connection with oratorio was even more tyrannical in the field of opera. Italian was the only language used at the regular houses; no one took the trouble to understand what the pieces were about; and even the favorite songs in each

opera were of secondary importance in the minds of the audience as compared with the name of the *prima donna*. Throughout the world, ever since opera began in the seventeenth century, there has raged a continual war between those, on the one hand, who view it in its true light as a real branch of dramatic art, stimulating the emotions by the aid of music, but depending for its chief power upon the way in which the story is presented; and, on the other, those who indulge the idea that it is mere frivolity, an opportunity for the display of high notes on the stage and of diamonds in front, or a stepping-stone into the fashionable world. The tentative beginnings of opera in Italy and Germany were corrupted into the conventional entertainments of Handel's day. Gluck's restoration of a classical simplicity and true eloquence was followed by the newer conventions of the Italians of the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth; and after the undramatic productions of the Bellini-Donizetti school, Wagner once again demonstrated that art was better than artifice.

In all these oscillations of taste England, as represented in her operatic life, has been dominated by conventionality; and the mere employment of a foreign tongue, which any reasonable person would suppose to be a stumbling-block to popularity, is of itself an attraction to the public. At various times, opera by English composers has fought its way to the ears of an audience sadly indifferent to its interests. The early "operas" of the Shield, Kelly, and Bishop period were but incidental songs strung together on a very meagre thread of story, and cannot have been so far removed as we should like to think from the dreary "musical comedy" of the present day. The greatest chance that English opera, meaning thereby opera composed originally in English and sung in that language, has

ever had was undoubtedly in 1826, when Weber's "Oberon" was brought out. In 1834 Barnett's "Mountain Sylph" started a little series of productions in which Balfe, Macfarren, and Benedict were concerned; in 1843 came "The Bohemian Girl," followed after two years by Wallace's "Mariana"; but, in spite of the great popularity of these works, very little more was done until the advent of the group of composers who have been called the Masters of the Renaissance.

We have referred to the convenient date of 1851 as the starting-point of the revival; but it was not for some time after the Crystal Palace had been moved to Sydenham that the effect of its work began to be felt. The memorable performance in 1862 of Sullivan's first work, the beautiful music to "The Tempest," seems to have been the actual beginning of a new attitude in England towards music. Here was a young man, fresh from his studies, producing a thing of such beauty as could be understood by every one, such originality as told of a new voice in the world of art, and such dramatic appropriateness as made it a worthy accompaniment to the play. It may seem that, in thus naming Sullivan as the pioneer of the renaissance, we are ignoring the work of the men of the older generation, such as Hatton, Loder, Smart, Macfarren, Hugo Pierson, and, chief of them all, Sterndale Bennett; but all of these suffered and some of them were completely overwhelmed, by the conditions of music in the earlier part of the century. There was no kind of encouragement for the composition of music of a high order; and Sterndale Bennett was the only one of his generation who wrote anything of enduring worth in the larger forms. As time went on, he was gradually driven by circumstances to become more and more the teacher of aristocratic young ladies, and had ever less

and less time to develop his own beautiful ideas. His work, after the middle of the century, was of slight importance as compared with the music of his earlier life.

After the success of Sullivan's "Tempest" music at the Crystal Palace, a tradition grew up there of encouraging the young men who came after him. While Sullivan was finding his true *métier* in the Savoy operas, which are no nearer being old-fashioned now than they were when they were written, the men who led the renaissance were beginning to make their personalities felt; and by a curious coincidence the births of the five composers who were most prominent in the movement were covered by a period of five years from 1847 to 1852.

To attempt to apportion to each of the five leaders of the renaissance his exact share in the movement would be quite impossible; it must suffice to say that Mackenzie, Parry, Goring Thomas, Stanford, and Cowen did, as a matter of fact, bear the burden and heat of a day when those who spoke of serious English compositions were looked at with a kindly smile of incredulity excepting only on the occasions of the autumnal festivals, when, for a week at a time, it became the accepted thing that Englishmen should produce works of earnest aim. All these, excepting only Parry, contributed to the short revival of interest in English opera which took place under Carl Rosa at the beginning of the eighties; and, while the graceful "Esmeralda" of Goring Thomas has had the honor of production in the fashionable opera season, some of the other works then given would well bear to be heard again. Great encouragement was also given to these men by the establishment of the orchestral concerts under Hans Richter, which, first started in 1877, exerted for many years an incalculable influence on English art both in bringing forward

unknown things of all countries and in producing symphonies and other works by the young Englishmen. Wagner selections of course formed a very large part of the programmes of the early Richter concerts; and the year 1882 saw the production of the greater part of the mature Wagner operas by two companies, one under Richter at Drury Lane, and the other under the management of Angelo Neumann at Her Majesty's Theatre for the production of the "Ring" with the original Bayreuth scenery and many of the Bayreuth singers. These two undertakings, neither of which was financially successful, not only put Wagner in a different position from that which he previously held in England but got people into the way of treating opera seriously.

In one way or another the five leaders of the renaissance made it impossible that musical matters should ever again be quite what they were before in England. As Sullivan had demonstrated the possibility of writing light music that should yet satisfy the trained musician, so the grace of the orchestral music produced by Goring Thomas and Cowen showed the public that orchestral concerts need not be the solemn functions that they were commonly supposed to be. Mackenzie's romantic music opened the door to all sorts of poetical creations; and Stanford's wonderful skill in the manipulation of his resources in orchestra and choir, his versatility of style, his steady fulfilment of the highest ideals of art, together with the great work he did at Cambridge as a pioneer of music, won him the appreciation of judicious people comparatively early in his career. Parry's music was longer than Stanford's in finding wide acceptance: at first the composer's love of logical development, a quality heretofore almost ignored in England, led him to adopt a style which was at first thought obscure; and it was not until

the composition of the Miltonic ode, "Blest Pair of Sirens," that his position was definitely won. One of his most striking qualities is his power of accentuation in the matter of setting emphatic or unemphatic syllables to notes that are their exact equivalent. His songs have, whether consciously or not, set a standard; and nowadays faulty accentuation is almost an exception in songs of any kind of solid pretensions. His symphonies seem to those who know them best to be works of the very highest order, so full of inspiration and originality that much time and study are needed for their proper appreciation; but there can be no reasonable doubt that in the future there will be many more opportunities of hearing them than have been given in the past, more particularly now that another English symphony has attained so wide a popularity.

The foundation of the Royal College of Music, which rose from the ashes of the National Training School of Music in 1883, gave under its enthusiastic first Principal, Sir George Grove, new opportunities to such talent as might be existing throughout the country. The project of uniting it with the Royal Academy of Music (which had been established in 1823) came to nothing; but the establishment of an "Associated Board" for the purpose of examinations, etc., in which the two institutions joined, was sufficient evidence of the good feeling existing between them. The success of the College stirred up the authorities of the Academy, who were formerly a little easy-going and satisfied with small results. Under its present head, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the older institution has proved itself a worthy companion to the newer. The two institutions and others besides them, have done great things in educating the young members of the musical profession and raising the general standard of their mental

condition. As a matter of course, the enormous amount of talent discovered and fostered by the institutions has led to an overcrowding of the professional ranks, and to many evils that are inevitably consequent upon overcrowding. But, as the skill and intellectuality of the students have increased by leaps and bounds, so has the taste for music on the part of the public. Whatever branch of musical life we consider, we shall see that higher views are taken of the art. There is greater breadth of outlook, wider and more penetrating discrimination; and, as a not unpleasant result of the rise in general culture, there is now far less of the Bohemianism which in former days made many respectable persons shrink from contact with the musical profession.

Some idea may be obtained of the growth in musical taste by a brief reference to the various crazes that have possessed the British public from time to time. A singer from Handel's day onwards, has almost always been able to create a *furor*; and from the times of Faustina and Cuzzoni, through the Jenny Lind fever of 1847, to the times of Melba and Tetrassini, we always seem ready to lose our artistic balance in an adoration in which fulsome devotion, feverish admiration alike for the faults and merits of the performance, and a silly school-girl kind of "gush" are mixed in equal proportions. But the successive attacks of this mania in regard to other classes of musicians, although all may be ludicrous, do yet show an upward tendency. The vogue of great executants on the pianoforte, from Liszt and Rubinstein to Paderewski, was followed, indeed, by the extremely foolish and harmful worship of infantile performers; but to this succeeded a far more reasonable habit of admiring the conductors of orchestras, a taste which led at last to some attention being given to the music they

conducted, and to the art of orchestral coloring. The extraordinary vogue of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony in London would have been quite impossible before the revival of true musical taste in England; and, just at the present moment, the career of Sir Edward Elgar, which has apparently reached its culmination in his new symphony, is engrossing the attention of the public at large to an extent that could not have been imagined fifty or even twenty years ago. What Sterndale Bennett might have achieved had he enjoyed one-hundredth part of the opportunities showered on Elgar, cannot be guessed; but the two careers afford a striking contrast to each other, and one that is certainly eloquent of the great favor now bestowed on music in England.

We have not yet lost the habit of artistic hospitality referred to in the extract quoted above from the "Quarterly Review" of 1848. In no country outside their own has a heartier or more lucrative welcome been extended to the great masters of the Continent than in England. The music of Wagner, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Dvorák, and a host of lesser names, has found here sympathetic and discerning admiration to an extent beyond that existing in any country foreign to the composers. Continental singers, it is true, must now be at least as good as English, if they are to succeed at all in the present day in London; but, when they do succeed, they still command far higher prices as a rule than do the native artists.

In passing in review the circumstances of our modern musical life, it is obvious that one important department of music has not been mentioned—the music of the Church. In that alone was there any opportunity for the older composer, who fared but ill in the early days if he failed to gain a position as organist. Once installed in

his organ-loft he was usually unconscious of the trend of music in general; immersed in the study (let us hope) of the glorious cathedral music of his country, he had little time to give to what was going on in the outer world. This hide-bound conservatism had the result of keeping the music of the Church more or less where it was in older days; and many of the men who held important posts as cathedral organists were really eminent and artistic composers. The Wesleys (father and son), Attwood, Goss, Walmisley, and many others, produced work which deserves to keep its place in living music. But the race of these organists remained almost entirely apart from the music of the world in general; and even Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley seems to us nowadays as hardly less confined in outlook than they, and therefore, as a man, hampered in his influence on his contemporaries.

The products of this "organ-loft" point of view are almost exactly analogous to what Wagner called "Kapellmeistermusik"—that is, music produced, not in response to an inward inspiration, but as a consequence of the circumstances in which the men found themselves. They found it convenient and profitable to write anthems and services because they were organists, not because their souls were filled with genuine devotion or any sense of their responsibilities. This degenerate state of things, and the general ignorance of the course of music, made the organists an easy prey to the invasion of the sugary music which, about the time of the Tractarian movement, came from France. They exchanged their stiff conservatism for a bastard kind of eclecticism, which has led to even worse results than the other attitude. The admirers of Gounod soon found it easy enough to adopt his methods of pleasing the public; and the purveyors of popular hymn-tunes and anthems

drove a roaring trade for many years, their successors not having even yet quite lost the trick of supplying what is desired by a small section of worshippers. But the gradual growth of a knowledge of the old Church music, the more rational and scientific way of studying the ecclesiastical modes and the secrets of Gregorian music, and the establishment of societies like the Plain-Song and Medieval Music Society, or the Church Music Society, have already done much to check the downward progress which has been going on simultaneously with the revival of music outside the Church's boundaries.

Sir Charles Stanford has a remarkable passage on the whole question of English Church music, pointing out the appalling preponderance of sugary anthems, etc., over compositions of acknowledged merit; and a trenchant (perhaps too trenchant) criticism in Dr. Walker's able "*History of Music in England*" has lashed a certain section of the musical world to fury. This section, representing the commercial interests of music, naturally views with distrust the interference of any outsider into matters which are supposed to concern only those actually engaged in the trade. Their interest in music is almost purely commercial; and, so far as they exert any influence at all, it is all used against the progress of the art. The commercial spirit which they exemplify has of course arisen in its full power only since the practice of music, or its prostitution, has seemed financially profitable. On all sides there are traces of the harm it has done; and this is, we must admit, a direct consequence of the revival of public interest in music. It is perhaps inevitable that the young people who are turned out of the music-schools by the hundred should be easily tempted to degrade their art in the various ways that are suggested to them; and the

only wonder is that the artistic convictions which many of them hold should be strong enough to make them choose a life of poverty rather than yield to the allurements of the tempter, whether he come in the guise of the publisher who is willing to pay for the popularization of some worthless song, the piano-manufacturer who takes the risk of a public concert in order that his own goods may be exhibited on the platform, or the concert-giver who exacts a fee for allowing the young performer to make a public appearance in company with some really distinguished artist. All these crimes against the purity of art have sprung into existence as the deplorable result of the revival of music amongst us; but the revival is not to be seriously regretted on that account.

There are other directions in which musical activity has found employment; and the archaeological researches of Englishmen are not unworthy to be set beside those which have been carried on longer in Germany and other parts of the Continent. We had much to learn in this direction in the past; but now our own musical antiquaries can hold their own with those of any nation. The rich treasures which lay hidden for centuries in English libraries have been searched to some purpose, and now only await the foundation and endowment of some national undertaking like the "*Denkmäler Deutscher Tonkunst*," and kindred publications, which have done so much to keep alive the music of the obscure continental composers. Almost our only attempt, so far, to copy the excellent example set in Germany has been the Purcell Society, which is gradually raising a worthy tribute to the memory of that great master. Interest in old instruments, too, has vastly increased, and has also become more thorough and scientific; in this connection it would be wrong to omit any mention of the name

of A. J. Hipkins, whose practical knowledge, faultless taste, and scientific attainments did so much to foster a desire to revive musical performances under the original conditions, and to restore the existing instruments to something approaching their first state.

In 1871 there appeared yet another article on musical books in this Review. The books noticed were Helmholtz's "*Lehre von den Tonempfindungen*," Fétis's "*Histoire générale*," Beauquier's "*Philosophie de la Musique*," and two books by John Hullah, the "*History of Modern Music*" and "*Lectures on the Transition Period of Musical History*." By this time the name of Sebastian Bach, unmentioned in the earlier reviews from which quotation has been made, comes prominently forward; and, when we remember that the whole treasury of his music was not made accessible until the completion of the great edition of his works in 1899, we may congratulate ourselves that we were not so very far behind the Continent in our veneration for this giant among composers. Various incidental references are made in this article to the state of music at the time, whence it is clear that the ferment of the early renaissance was already at work. There are lists of the concerts given in London, among which it seemed worth while to enumerate the Philharmonic and Crystal Palace only among orchestral undertakings, and, among chamber concerts, the Popular Concerts, the Musical Union and Holmes' Musical Evenings. Leslie's Choir, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and Barnby's Choir represent choral societies in the list; for the Bach Choir was not in existence until four years after this date, when its memorable production of the great master's Mass in B minor led to the project of placing the choir specially formed for that purpose on a permanent footing. The writer puts his fin-

ger on a drawback which is still felt as a hindrance to musical progress. "There is," he says, "plenty of private enterprise, but there is great want of union, of system, of organization, and we must add of generosity and goodwill." Of course all this is not nearly as bad as it was in 1871, but there is still plenty of room for improvement, and of generosity and goodwill we hear less than ever. The writer is as little expectant as his predecessor of the actual production of anything worth hearing by an English composer.

All attempts to prove the existence of a real English school of music for the last two hundred years must of course fall [notice "of course"]. We are speaking of its actual products [those of England], not of its latent capacities. . . . Now once again there is a great musical impulse in England. This time it comes from Germany. We have at this moment a number of talented English composers living, from Cipriani Potter and Sterndale Bennett to Arthur Sullivan, composing German music in England.

The notion that, though England may produce executants, as she has always provided listeners, yet she must never expect the advent of a good, still less of a great composer, is one that is even now not quite extinct, notwithstanding all the success that has attended the production of various English compositions. It will amuse some readers to learn that Sullivan was at one time accused of writing German music, for he was afterwards regarded as the one brilliant exception to the race of German-trained composers, and as the single representative of indigenous art. In the case of Sullivan, the charge is obviously inappropriate; and it is possible that similar accusations may have been brought against other composers with quite as little justice. We should say nowadays that, though Sullivan may not perhaps have come in the way of

many "temptations to belong to other nations," yet he did "remain an Englishman" in his music. It is, in truth, the most obvious weapon to use, when a writer who is not quite certain of his ground wishes to criticise a countryman, to allege this sort of indebtedness to his predecessors. The charge has that grain of truth in it, which helps to carry it further than it deserves; for every artist who has ever lived has been influenced by some one before him. As Sir Charles Stanford says, "Bach without Schütz and Buxtehude, Beethoven without Haydn and Mozart, Wagner without Gluck and Weber—the instances are countless and incontrovertible—would have been impossibilities."

It will be observed that all the composers named in this passage, both the great disciples and their predecessors, belong to one country; and the supremacy of Germany over the music of the world is a fact which we can no more get over than we can contradict the other fact that, for a period exactly corresponding in length with the time of that supremacy, Italian painting was the best in the world. Whether Germany is any more to be regarded as supreme in music may very well be doubted in the present day. Beside the two persons who "count" in the German music of the present day, there is hardly a composer of any kind of eminence at all; and, as compared with the contemporary schools of France and England, the once glorious school of Germany seems to have become exhausted. But the influence which German masters must have exercised on the younger men of all countries is of course the most natural thing in the world. Such influence could have been derived from no other quarter since the days when Italian madrigals were imported into England for Englishmen to develop and glorify. The influences on any clever young

man of twenty or thirty years ago could not fail to be mainly German; Italian opera was dead, and French music seemed to be dissolved in an ocean of *eau suorée*. Like the Russians, our own composers have had to emancipate themselves from German influences, though at present with less general recognition of the fact that they have done so. The increasingly scientific study of our own folk-songs has helped in no small measure to encourage the realization of national characteristics, which were there long before it was discovered that England possessed a splendid body of folk-music. Qualities which, in Sir Hubert Parry's works, for example, have delighted lovers of English music for many years are now found to be identical with some of the finest characteristics of English folk-song; and, although Irish and Scottish folk-music had been analyzed and made accessible long before the time of Stanford and Mackenzie, yet their adoption of the style of their own nations was obviously a natural return to the soil, not the assumption of a fancy dress.

None of these composers has soaked himself so thoroughly as did Grieg in national mannerisms. Our own men are not always in the native costume, which Grieg never once put off; but in their compositions in the sphere of absolute music, and without external reference to nationality, there is still the trace of each man's race; and all through the line, from Sullivan to Elgar, it is no longer possible to say that British music is a mere reflection of German. Whether it ever was so may be doubted; but Sterndale Bennett's admiration for Mendelssohn no doubt led him into certain habits of phrase and idioms of style that recalled those of the popular German composer. Mendelssohn never got over the delusion that a platitude, if repeated often enough, becomes an epigram; and there

are cases in which Bennett saw no more clearly than he. The influence of Wagner on the art of the day has been naturally of great importance, for he was one of the men who are rightly called "epoch-making." Since his day, music for the stage must ever be different from what it was before; and no single dramatic writer of any country has omitted to take possession of the vast expanse that Wagner conquered for his art. His professed enemies were compelled to adopt some of his theories; and even Sullivan did not wholly escape his influence, for neither "The Golden Legend" nor "Ivanhoe" would have been exactly what they are if Wagner had not lived. The new French school, through the medium of its great pioneer, César Franck, owes more to Wagner than to any one else; and, whether they like to admit it or not, the French composers have translated Wagner's methods into their own musical language in precisely the same way as Verdi did in his later works, rendering Wagner into his own Italian idioms.

In quite recent years various measures have been taken, not before they were wanted, to put English composers, especially the young men and women who are most in earnest about their work, on some sort of an equality as to chances with the composers of other countries. A certain concert given in 1896 by six of the younger English composers in conjunction (Messrs. Granville Bantock, William Wallace, Erskine Allon, Reginald Steggall, Stanley Hawley, and Arthur Hinton) was a financial failure, as might have been expected; but it drew the attention of the musical world to the fact that there was a school arising, and that the work of the leaders was likely to be carried on by a numerous band of followers. The Society of British Composers was a definite step in the same direction; and a glance at the list of

its members is enough to prove that there are upwards of fifty people, all, or nearly all, of whom have shown themselves more than competent, and some of whom have attained real distinction as composers.¹ An important encouragement of rising talent is the "Patron's Fund" of the Royal College of Music, a munificent gift, which has benefitted all the music schools impartially, and has brought forward many young writers of merit who must otherwise have languished in obscurity until they died from privation and want of encouragement, like one of the best of the younger men, the late W. Y. Hurlstone. The institution of a prize for short pieces of chamber-music, and the occasional prize offered for operatic competition, have done good; but it is a commonplace to remark that, from no fault or prejudice on the part of the judges, the best men do not always gain the prize. Whether this be so or not, the fact remains that the opportunities which a young musician, composer, or executant enjoys to-day are a thousandfold more than they were a hundred or even fifty years ago.

It may be said that the mere enumeration of opportunities or the lists of those who exercise the profession of musical composer, are in no way to be considered as evidence of actual achievement that will last. The only answer to this is to give as illustrations of the best things in the modern English school the names of certain well-known works which will readily occur to the memory of any one already interested in the music of his country. To make such a list in any other country but England would be absurd, for in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Russia, and, in short, all over the civilized world, the man in the street knows the names of the chief musical

¹ It may be worth pointing out that this list does not include the names of any of the regular purveyors of "shop songs" or flimsy piano pieces.

products of his nation, and takes a natural if perhaps an excessive pride in them. It is only in England that there has reigned, down to the year 1908, a profound conviction that there was no such thing as English music. In this respect, however, things have changed so suddenly and so completely that it seems worth while to call to mind some of the best of the compositions that preceded Sir Edward Elgar's famous symphony; since there is a real danger of our forgetting the fact that he himself had previously written successful music, and that there are other composers of the English school. It is, of course, unlikely that any two persons, attempting to make an informal list of the things they think most remarkable, would make exactly the same list, or that any attempt at such a list could please everybody; but up to the present time people in general have been so indifferent to the course of English music that any attempt, however imperfectly carried out, may remind readers of compositions that have given them pleasure in the past.

It is hardly necessary, in the first place, to point out the various excellences of the Savoy operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. These established a *genre* quite peculiar to England, and one upon which we may well pique ourselves. Sullivan's "Golden Legend" had a long and prosperous career, and went far to compensate the musical world for the dreadful royalty-ballads and hymn-tunes which the composer consented from time to time to write. The work which ranks perhaps highest among Mackenzie's compositions is the breezy "Britannia" overture; and its vein of humor came out again in the single opera he contributed to the Savoy repertory, "His Majesty"; his serious opera, "Colomba," the poetical "Belle Dame sans Merci," and the Scottish Rhapsodies for orchestra, are examples of his power of treating ro-

mantic subjects. Two of Parry's four symphonies (the "Cambridge" in F and the "English" in C), and three of Stanford's six ("Elegiac," "Irish," and "Milton"), are noble specimens of the symphonic form, exhibiting points of interest in their various modifications of the stereotyped pattern; another most fruitful modification of the usual design is to be found in Parry's "Characteristic Variations" for orchestra. Among Elgar's works none has reached a higher level of excellence than his "Orchestral Variations," the actual theme of which is an unsolved enigma. The choral works of these three composers have taken hold upon a wider public than that to which purely orchestral compositions appeal. It is only necessary to mention Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," "Judith," "Job," "King Saul," and the long series of devotional or contemplative cantatas which for some time were an annual attraction of the autumnal festivals—Stanford's "Revenge," "Voyage of Maeldune," "Requiem," "Te Deum," "Stabat Mater"; Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," "Kingdom," and "Apostles"; Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha"; Walford Davies' "Everyman"—to show that a greater amount of recognition has been bestowed upon choral works than upon any class of composition by the Englishmen. Of the five operas by Stanford that have been performed, only one, "Shamus O'Brien," has yet met with the success that all deserve. Parry and Elgar have not hitherto attacked the strongholds of the enemy by writing operas; and one of the most original, vivid, and beautiful operas the world has produced since the days of Wagner and Verdi, Miss Smyth's "Wreckers," has only as yet been given upon the German stage. In the smaller forms of chamber-music, songs, etc., these composers and their followers have done things that deserve to be remembered.

Whether the "fantasy" type of concerted piece, encouraged by the Cobbett prize, will take the place of the older pattern, remains to be seen; its aim is to provide something not quite as long as the classical quartets or trios, something not divided into separate movements, but changing its *tempo* and character according to the composer's fancy. Whether the newer ideas gain ground or not, the fact remains that the offer of a prize did serve to bring forward a surprising amount of original talent among the younger writers. It is obvious to any one who observes the tendency of music in this country that the general upheaval of old ideals which has been going on in other countries has not left England unmoved. It is perhaps too early as yet to trace the various influences that have caused what really looks like an artistic revolution in France and Germany. It is probably something more than a coincidence that in both countries some of the most original of the younger writers have adopted a style which strikes the student of the classics as being not only devoid of any recognizable form or design, but as lacking any perception of beauty, of melody, or harmony. This is of course the crudest way of expressing what most people of taste must have felt when they first heard music by Richard Strauss or Max Reger in Germany, of Debussy or Ravel in France. Beside the mere creation of an impression or an "atmosphere," which is present in the music of most of these leaders of the new school on the Continent, there is to be discerned, often very dimly, some notion of design; but with those of our own young men who affect the succession of unrelated discords, or who imitate the various devices of the continental revolutionaries, no such glimmerings of intention are to be perceived. Still, all the fermentation that seems to be going on among the younger men is a

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sign of their real vitality in the art they misunderstand; and, when they have sown their wild oats, we may expect good work, if not great things, from some of them. Their vagaries may not be a very satisfactory sign, but they prove that there is a vigorous artistic life among us.

That England has become again a musical country is, then, abundantly clear. The phrase "a musical country" does not mean that every child in it is a performer or a composer, but that a knowledge and love of music are so widely diffused among its inhabitants that there is nothing exceptional in a musical allusion being made in general conversation, and that a person entirely lacking in musical perceptions is considered as rather to be pitied. Although music-publishers are still sadly lacking in enterprise, and we are still indifferent enough to the true interests of the art to allow music to regale us while we eat, yet there are everywhere unmistakable signs that we are not as we were fifty years ago. The mechanical piano, it may be said by a cynically disposed person, has left the streets for the drawing-room, and so has had a rise in life; but the vogue of appliances like the pianolo is in part a sign that music of some sort or other is wanted in the household. By their means people who had no chance of knowing anything about music other than the usual drawing-room piece, are becoming acquainted with the outlines, at all events of the great masters' creations. It will probably be long before the commercialism and professionalism of the present day cease to defile the holy places of music; but, in spite of these, and of other shortcomings which did not exist a hundred years ago, our general state is incomparably more satisfactory than it was; and the outlook for the future enables us with some confidence to say "E pur si muove."

J. A. Fuller Maitland.

THE END OF A LEGEND.*

What a striking book might be written on the irony of events! And what a pregnant example of it is afforded by the posthumous history—I trust the expression may be pardoned—of Thomas Carlyle! If we may judge from his works, no man ever lived who held in more utter contempt what is called public opinion; no man who would have shrunk with greater loathing—the word is not too strong—from allowing his private affairs to be canvassed by the “twenty-seven millions of people, chiefly fools,” as he esteemed them, among whom he dwelt. But no sooner were his old sad eyes closed in death than his own familiar friend, in whom he trusted, began to divulge to all mankind his most intimate and personal concerns. The *Reminiscences* achieved such a *succès de scandale*—the most profitable kind of success from a pecuniary point of view—as to encourage Mr. Froude to proceed with a *Life* in four volumes, which had a greater success still—of the same kind. Further revelations were made by Mr. Froude in the *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, which appeared in 1883, and in the pamphlet *My Relations with Carlyle*, published by his son and daughter in 1903, after his death. It is not now necessary to discuss in detail these performances of Mr. Froude. The “twenty-seven millions”—the original figures may as well be left to stand—are not such fools as Carlyle took them to be. When the world thinks long enough about a thing, it generally comes to a right conclusion. “*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*” is true in another sense than that in which the words were written; and the judgment on this matter has been given with no

uncertain voice. Still a few words about it are necessary here, in order to make plain the position of those who have published the two volumes now before me, and to vindicate their action in so doing.

The greater part of the second volume of the *Reminiscences* is made up of what Carlyle called “A Bit of Writing,” entitled “Jane Welsh Carlyle,” the publication of which he had most solemnly forbidden in a most characteristic document. Mr. Froude asserts that this stringent prohibition was subsequently cancelled by oral communications made to him,¹ but produces no evidence in corroboration of his assertion. We have only Mr. Froude’s word for it. Now what is the value of Mr. Froude’s word? That is a question which I was led to consider fourteen years ago, when writing in this Review,² and I prefer to repeat now what I said then, because I much doubt whether, with the larger knowledge which I have since gained of Mr. Froude’s methods, I could express myself anew with the same gentleness and moderation.

I take it that Mr. Froude may properly be ranked among the greatest masters of word-painting in the English language. There are passages in his writings which have seldom been surpassed in splendor of diction and dramatic power. But here all the praise

¹ It is this: “I still mainly mean to burn this Book before my own departure; but feel that I shall always have a kind of grudge to do it, and an indolent excuse, ‘Not yet; wait, any day that can be done!’—and that it is possible the thing may be left behind me, legible to interested survivors—friends only. I will hope, and with worthy curiosity not unworthy! “In which event I solemnly forbid them each and all, to publish this Bit of Writing as it stands here; and warn them that without fit editing no part of it should be printed (nor as far as I can order, shall ever be); and that the fit editing of perhaps nine-tenths of it will, after I am gone, have become impossible.”

* “The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh,” edited by Alexander Carlyle. Two volumes. John Lane. London, 1909.

² In October 1895. The article was called “The New Spirit in History” and now finds place in a volume entitled “Essays and Speeches.”

that can be honestly bestowed upon him ends. He was incapable of critically investigating facts. Nay, he was incapable, congenitally incapable, I believe, even of correctly stating them. A less judicial mind probably never existed. There is hardly a page of his which is not deformed by passion, prejudice, and paradox. He is everywhere an advocate, and an utterly unscrupulous advocate. His predecessor in the Chair of Modern History at Oxford once said: "When we have read Mr. Froude's account of any matter we know, at all events, one way in which it did *not* happen." I think this was too strongly said. According to St. Thomas Aquinas, the father of lies himself sometimes tells the truth: "Interdum diabolus veritatem loquitur." I would put the matter somewhat differently. It has happened to me, in the course of my own poor historical studies, to go over much of the ground trodden by Mr. Froude. And the conclusion to which I was long ago led is that it is never safe to accept any statement upon Mr. Froude's mere word.

The *Life of Carlyle*, in the first volume of which Mr. Froude used the prenuptial letters of Carlyle and his wife— notwithstanding his strict command, "Let no printing of these or any part of them be thought of by those who love me"—was undertaken in the teeth of the sentence in the Will: "Express biography of me I had really rather that there should be none." It is unquestionable that these words set forth a view strongly held by Carlyle. In his *Life of Sterling* he wrote, "Why had a biography been inflicted on this man? Why had not no-biography and the privilege of all the weary been his lot?" And again: "How happy it comparatively is for a man of any earnestness of life to have no biography written of him, but to return silently, with his small sorely foiled bit of work, to the Supreme Silences who alone can judge of it or him, and not to trouble the reviewers, or greater or less public, with attempting to judge it." And in his

Diary, under date December 20, 1848, there occurs the following entry:

Darwin said to Jane the other day in his quizzing-serious manner, "Who will write Carlyle's 'Life'?" The word reported to me, set me thinking how *impossible* it was and would for ever remain, for any creature to write my "Life"; the *chief* elements of my little destiny have all along lain deep below view or surmise, and never will or can be known to any son of Adam. I would say to my biographer, if any fool undertook such a task, "Forbear, poor fool; let no life of *me* be written; let me and my bewildered wrestlings lie buried here, and be forgotten swiftly of all the world. If thou write, it will be mere delusions and hallucinations. The confused world never understood, nor will understand, me and my poor affairs; not even the persons nearest me could guess at them; nor was it found indispensable; nor is it *now*, for any but an idle purpose, profitable, were it even possible. Silence, and go thy ways elsewhither."

These utterances—they might be multiplied if space allowed—are quite in accordance with the words which I have quoted from the Will. Mr. Froude's assertion of their verbal withdrawal utterly lacks corroboration.

The manuscript of the *Letters and Memorials* of his wife, a Selection prepared by Carlyle, was bequeathed to Mr. Froude, the testator solemnly requesting him to "do his best and wisest in the matter," and leaving to him, in conjunction with the two other trustees (Mr. Forster and Dr. Carlyle), the decision of the question—"How, When (after what delay—seven or ten years) it or any

² Mr. Froude, referring to this passage, avers, "Carlyle had said, in his Journal, that there was a secret connected with him unknown to his closest friends"—which is not what Carlyle said. The authors of "The Nemesis of Froude" well observe, "To the common man, to say nothing of the student of Carlyle's writings, but one interpretation of this (passage) is possible: it refers not to one secret but to many—to the bewildered wrestlings of the writer's soul with the mysteries of being, to those incommunicable stirrings that agitate the depths of every human heart." p. 57.

portion of it should be published." Mr. Forster and Dr. Carlyle predeceased Carlyle, so that the question had to be decided by Mr. Froude alone, who, within two years of Carlyle's death, published something which purported to be Carlyle's Selection—"prepared by Thomas Carlyle for publication" appeared on the title page—but was not. He omitted more than half the letters which Carlyle had collected, mutilated, more or less, those of them which he printed, and for that portion of Mrs. Carlyle's Journal which Carlyle had prepared, he substituted another portion, saying no word to apprise his readers that he had done this.⁴

The general effect of these performances of Mr. Froude was, in a high degree, unfavorable to Carlyle, as all the world knows. Sir James Crichton Browne truly observes: "They depicted Carlyle in his darkest and least amiable moods, ignoring the bright and genial side of his nature, and gave prominence not merely to the biting judgments he had passed on public men, but to the sharp and wounding things he had said about a few private individuals still living. They opened the flood-gates of malevolence, supplied all the shams, and quacks, and fools—twenty-seven millions in number—and sects and coteries whom Carlyle had scourged in his lifetime, with nasty missiles with which to pelt his memory, and shocked even fair-minded people by the contrast they suggested between the nobility of his teaching and the seemingly crabbed and selfish temper of his life. Froude first shattered

Carlyle's reputation in the *Reminiscences*, and continued through the subsequent volumes, although, it must be admitted, with diminuendo movement in the last two, to grind it to powder."⁵

Mr. Froude's defence of his achievement appears to have been two-fold. He contended that in exhibiting Carlyle to the world as he did, he was fulfilling a public duty. He tells us in the Preface to the first volume of the *Life*, "The public will not be satisfied without sifting the history of its men of letters to the last grain of fact which can be ascertained about them," "This," he asserts, "is not curiosity; it is a legitimate demand." "The publicity of their private lives," he declares, "has been, is, and will be either the reward, or the penalty, of their intellectual distinction."

Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know,
sang Tennyson,⁶ in fierce scorn. The words express Mr. Froude's serious contention. In his Introductory Pages to *Carlyle's Life in London* he tells us, "No concealment is permissible about" him. No concealment! However, that is the theory of biography upon which he professed to proceed, and he cited in support of it a long passage from Carlyle's article on Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, in order to prove that it was Carlyle's theory also. But this passage by no means bears out Mr. Froude's contention, as the following extract from it may suffice to show:

The biographer has this problem set before him: to delineate a likeness of the earthly pilgrimage of a man. He

⁴ It is contended by some of Mr. Froude's partisans that Carlyle entrusted him with an unfettered discretion in dealing with Mrs. Carlyle's papers. But this is not so. Carlyle wrote, "The manuscript is by no means ready for publication. Nay, the questions How, When (after what delay, seven or ten years) it or any portion of it should be published, are still dark to me. But 'on all such points' James Anthony Froude's decision is to be taken as mine." Note the words which I have quoted. Mr. Froude was not authorized by Carlyle to make a new Selection and pass it off as that made by Carlyle himself.

⁵ "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle." Intro. p. 8.

For now the poet cannot die,
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry:

"Proclaim the faults he would not show,
Break lock and seal, betray the trust,
Keep nothing sacred, 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know."

will compute well what profit is in it, and what disprofit; under which latter head this of offending any of his fellow-creatures will surely not be forgotten. Nay, this may so swell the disprofit side of his account, that many an enterprise of biography, otherwise promising, shall require to be renounced. But once taken up, the rule before all rules is to do it, not to do the ghost of it. In speaking of the man and men he has to do with, he will of course keep all his charities about him, but all his eyes open. Far be it from him to set down aught *untrue*; nay, not to abstain from, and leave in oblivion, much that is true. But having found a thing or things essential for his subject, and well computed the for and against, he will in very deed set down such thing or things, nothing doubting, *having*, we may say, the fear of God before his eyes, and no other fear whatever. Censure the biographer's prudence; dissent from the computation he made, or agree with it; be all malice of his, be all falsehood, nay, be all offensive avoidable inaccuracy, condemned and consumed; but know that by this plan only, executed as was possible, could the biographer hope to make a biography; and blame him not that he did what it had been the worse fault not to do.

Carlyle's disciples and admirers maintain that Mr. Froude did set down about him much that was untrue. I will touch upon that hereafter. But supposing for a moment that Mr. Froude's account of Carlyle is veracious, the charge against him will still lie that he did not "keep all his charities about him"; that he did not "abstain from and leave in oblivion" much that should have been abstained from and so left; that he had not "the fear of God before his eyes" in delineating the likeness of Carlyle's earthly pilgrimage. Apart from theological considerations, for which this is not the place, there is a rule of right—to observe it was what Carlyle meant by fearing God—in biography, as in every section and seg-

ment of human activity. The moral law, no deduction from the Sacred Books of any religion, but the sum, in the words of Suarez, of "those dictates of natural reason which are intrinsically necessary, and independent of all volition, even the Divine," rules everywhere, and among the virtues which it prescribes is what ethical writers call Fidelity. One of the greatest of such writers teaches, "To reveal secrets to the injury of an individual is against fidelity—not, however, if they are revealed for the public good, which is always to be preferred to the private good."⁷ That the pretended secrets revealed by Mr. Froude were to the injury of Carlyle, no sane person can doubt. And will any one maintain that Mr. Froude in revealing them believed himself to be acting for the public good? He, beyond question, titillated thereby the public taste, depraved by the garbage of Society newspapers and the obscenities of the Divorce Court. But is pandering to a diseased appetite to promote the public good? Doubtless Mr. Froude supplied matter for which a demand existed—the large sale of his books above mentioned is a proof of that. But is it a sufficient justification for him that there was a lucrative market for his wares?

Frankness in biography? Yes. But there is a limit to frankness in this province as everywhere. The great principles of reserve and reticence, which dominate civilized society, have their application here. To which we may add that the old dictum "*De mortuis nihil nisi bonum*," false if construed literally, witnesses to the truth that for those we love, death is, so to speak, a lustration. Thus Carlyle in one of the *Love Letters* which have supplied the occasion for my writing: "There is a strange mellowing influ-

⁷ St. Thomas Aquinas, "Summa Theologica," II.—II. q. 63, art. 1. 3.

ence in the mandate of that last gloomy messenger who changeth our countenance and sendeth us away. The hardest and sternest spirit appears with an imploring and tender look to our reflections when it has yielded to the stroke of death. Unkind feelings are forgotten, faults are cast into the shade, and love alone, sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, hovers round the tombs of our friends. The idea that all my deformities shall be hid beneath the grass that covers me, and I shall live like a stainless being in the hearts of those that loved me, often of itself almost reconciles me to the inexorable law of fate."⁸

But, according to Mr. Froude, Carlyle's view of this matter completely changed in later years. We read in the Preface to the First Volume of the *Life* that Carlyle wished "to be known as he was, with all his angularities, his sharp speeches, his special peculiarities, meritorious or unmeritorious, precisely as they actually were." That Carlyle, on the threshold of the Great Silence, entertained a wish so contrary to his whole tenor of thought, is wildly improbable—and we have only Mr. Froude's word for it. But certain it is that Mr. Froude went far beyond portraying Carlyle's angularities and special peculiarities and recording his sharp speeches. A more uninviting picture was never painted than that which Mr. Froude has given of his dead spiritual father, whom he fawned upon when living. It is, of course, relieved by lighter touches here and there—Mr. Froude was too good an artist to omit these; but on the whole he makes brutality and selfishness the keynotes of Carlyle's character. The stern preacher of righteousness, the apostle of veracity, the prophet of duty, is exhibited to us in his pages as a miserable egotist, hypocritical, neglectful of his plainest obligations to his charming

wife; nay, as cruel to her, even to the extent of personal violence. And he alleges—again we have only his word for the allegation—a commission to do this from Carlyle himself, moved by unavailing remorse. Is it credible that any man—that Carlyle of all men—should have entrusted such a task to any human being? If—which who can believe?—Carlyle had thought public confession due for the private faults imputed by Mr. Froude to him, would he have made it posthumously and by the agency of another? A man must be a most despicable coward to do so; and even Mr. Froude does not charge Carlyle with cowardice. Can any one believe that Carlyle said, in effect, to Mr. Froude, "My kind, considerate, and ever faithful friend," when I am dead, please proclaim to all the world what a scoundrel I was"? I cannot believe it, and I have never met with any man, even among the most thorough-going votaries of Mr. Froude, who could, or who would even pretend that he could. And then came the ultimate scandal of the pamphlet, *My Relations with Carlyle*, upon which it is not necessary for me to say anything.⁹

Some words of Carlyle's in his *Life of Sterling* "Let a man be forgotten when he is dead, but let him not be misremembered in this way," doubtless occurred to many when they read the nine volumes—to say nothing of the tenth—in which Mr. Froude has dealt with him. Carlyle thought the account of John Sterling given by his co-trustee, Archdeacon Hare, though written in the kindest and most appreciative spirit, inadequate and unsatisfactory, and no real picture of the man, and determined to give his own testimony concerning his departed friend. But a new *Life* of Carlyle by a less skilled hand than Mr. Froude's would

⁸ He is so described in Carlyle's Will.

⁹ It was sufficiently disposed of by Sir Crichton Browne in the "British Medical Journal" of June 27, 1903.

have had no chance; and where was it possible to find a hand as skilled? The only thing to be done, as it appeared to those most nearly concerned, was to publish the text of the documents upon which Mr. Froude had worked, and to let the public judge of his treatment of them.

Now, Mr. Froude's mode of dealing with documents is well known to all historical scholars. In a former paper of mine, contributed to this Review, and already referred to, I gave an instance of it which chanced then to be fresh in my memory. I mentioned that I had had occasion to compare what he euphemistically called his "Abbreviated Translations" of letters of Erasmus with the original, and that I found, in well-nigh every page, distortions, more or less gross, of Erasmus's meaning; things attributed to him directly contrary to what he really wrote; things of which the Latin presented no trace at all. It is Mr. Froude's way in history; "*mendax audet in historiâ*," and he is as audaciously mendacious in biography. In dealing with Carlyle's and Mrs. Carlyle's papers, he resorted freely to *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, as his purpose might require; his pages are full of misquotations, garbled extracts, fallacious statements of fact, with a running accompaniment of calumny, detraction and malicious insinuation. In his Selection of the Letters and Memorials of Mrs. Carlyle—we must call it *his* Selection because, as I have already pointed out, it was not Carlyle's own Selection, though he endeavored to pass it off as such—he took the most unwarrantable liberties with what she had written, amputating, disembowelling, and often altering the text itself. Professor Elliot Norton in comparing the *Reminiscences*, as printed by him, with the original manuscript, found a hundred and thirty-six corrections necessary in the first six pages. As regards the portions of the Love

Letters given by him in the first volume of the *Life*—in defiance of Carlyle's solemn prohibition—the Professor, a careful and conscientious critic, did not hesitate to lay to his charge divergence from the truth, assertions incompatible with the evidence, and the coloring by his own imagination of statements having the form of truth. Here, too, as in the *Reminiscences*, words, clauses and sentences, which sometimes seriously interfere with the meaning, are omitted without any notice to the reader.

The corrected edition of the *Reminiscences* was published by Professor Norton in 1887. The *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*—they are those which Mr. Froude mutilated or put aside—were given to the world in 1903. It is only now that the Love Letters have appeared. Mr. Alexander Carlyle's hesitation to print them was natural. Carlyle's prohibition of it was most stringent. But as Mr. Froude, in disregard of that prohibition, had dealt with them in the manner just mentioned could it be regarded as being still in force? On this matter it will be well to hear what Mr. Alexander Carlyle himself says in his Preface.

The possession of these Letters I have long felt to be a heavy responsibility, and the question whether to publish or not to publish them has been for several years a subject of anxious deliberation. Only three courses seemed to be open to me: first, to destroy the original Letters, and thus allow Mr. Froude's account of the courtship and his inaccurate version of the Letters to be handed down to posterity as true and correct, practically unchallenged except on the limited scale of Norton's article. . . . This course seemed an impossible one; I was not Vandal enough to destroy such Letters as these, even if there had been nothing to consider but their literary value. Secondly, to preserve the orig-

inals, and leave them behind me to be published, perhaps in later years, by some one who would probably know very little of the subject. This, too, seemed to be an inadvisable course, for many reasons, though it certainly would have been the easiest one for me to follow! Thirdly, to edit and publish them now. After deliberate consideration, and consultation with friends and relatives of Carlyle, I decided to adopt this last course. I have since been confirmed in my decision by the hearty approval of numerous literary men and women to whom I have at various times read a considerable part of these Letters. And the more I consider the question myself in all its bearings, the more I am convinced that the course I have chosen is the best and the wisest. Professor Norton in 1886 hesitated to follow this plan, for the reason that some of the Letters were in his judgment "too sacred for publication," though he did publish a few of them, and give extracts from others, enough to prove that Mr. Froude's story was the reverse of true on many points, but not enough to exhibit more than a mere fraction of his perversions, or tell the true story with anything like completeness. Much has happened, moreover, since 1886. Mr. Froude's story assumed, a few years ago, another phase still more disreputable, and even disgusting. Reticence in the case of Carlyle's biography has unfortunately long ago ceased to be a virtue; it may easily degenerate into a vice. In the name, and for the sake, of truth and justice, it is now clearly advisable that every possible ray of light should be thrown on the subject. To withhold, much more to destroy, authentic and valuable evidence would be little short of a crime. . . . Had there been no previous infraction of Carlyle's interdict--I need hardly say that nothing in the world or beneath it would have induced me to [infringe it]. But what would have been rank sacrilege at one time, has now, in the altered circumstances, become a pious duty. I offer no apology, therefore, for publishing these Letters, for in my judgment none is needed. I should rather be inclined

to apologize for not having performed so obvious a duty long ere now.

It appears to me that Mr. Alexander Carlyle's vindication of himself for publishing these letters is ample. Their intrinsic excellence is very great; they are a permanent addition of much value to English literature; but, of course, that is no sufficient reason for disregarding Carlyle's solemn prohibition. It is a sufficient reason that they set before us a true account of an important chapter in Carlyle's life most grossly misrepresented by Mr. Froude, who, with perverse ingenuity, distorted the real significance of such portions of them as he published. In place of his legendary beings, they show us the real man and woman, as revealed by themselves during the five years which passed between their first meeting and their marriage—years in which the characters of both were disciplined and formed (to borrow Carlyle's prophetic words) for the life yet all before them, the many proud hours when they would withstand in true and closest affection all its storms and perils, and be more to one another than all the universe besides.¹¹ Carlyle was twenty-five when, in 1821, he was introduced by Edward Irving to Miss Welsh, who was then not quite twenty. It is clear that he fell in love with her at first sight, as well he might; she was bright,¹² unusually well educated, and endowed with considerable personal attractions.¹³ She, on the other hand, though admiring his intellect, was not inclined to regard him as more than a highly gifted friend, and checked his advances with some asperity. She expressed "dislike" for his "too ardent expressions," adding, "I have too little

¹¹ "Love Letters," vol. II. p. 173.

¹² The word "spirituelle," for which there is no precise equivalent in English, exactly describes her. "Elle avait de l'esprit jusqu'au bout des ongles."

¹³ A charming portrait of her at the age of twenty-five forms the frontispiece to vol. II. of the "Love Letters."

romance in my disposition ever to be in love with you or any man; and too much ever to marry without love." But she was "powerfully influenced by him," to use her own phrase, from the first moment that she knew him. Time went on, and the influence grew stronger and stronger, and, as she wrote, he became more and more "necessary" to her. She shrank from their marriage, but gradually became more familiar with the thought of it. Meanwhile Carlyle never faltered in the entire devotion which had become, and which always remained, the strongest feeling of his soul. The hackneyed and beautiful lines.

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble
deeds

Until they won her,

are entirely applicable to him. Yes, *entirely*, for those five years of his courtship *were* "years of noble deeds"; years of plain living and high thinking, of strenuous and fruitful intellectual toil, of singularly beautiful acts of kindness and of love. At last she is conquered. Her doubts are dead. She writes to him, "Oh, I do love you, my own Friend, above the whole Earth; no human being was ever half so dear to me, none, none."¹⁴ And again, "Oh, what a sad heart is mine this night." "What would I give to have you here within my arms for one, one moment!"¹⁵ And once more:

Our anticipated happiness is founded on no delusion: it is no love dream from which we must wake the first year of our marriage. In good sooth, we were either the stupidest or most deceitful of all living, if, at this time of day, we had *yet* to know each other as we are. It is now five years since we first met—five blessed years! During all that period my opinion of you has never *wavered*, but gone on deliberately rising to a higher and higher degree of

regard; and (what perhaps is still more convincing of its well-groundedness) in the seventeen months that I have held myself your affianced Wife, I have never for a single instant doubted the wisdom of my choice. Nor has *your* attachment proved itself less steadfast than *mine*, tho' far more unaccountable. For you have loved me, not in blindness of my thousand faults, but in spite of them; for the sake of my one redeeming grace, the faith that is in me. Oh, without doubt, we shall be as happy as the day's long; happier in our little home at Comley Bank than kings and queens amid the gliding of Palaces. Are you believing? I could easily convince you with my eyes and my kisses; but ink-words are so ineloquent!"

On the eve of their marriage he writes to her:

Let us not despond in the life of honorable toil which lies before us. Do you not think, that when you on one side of our household shall have faithfully gone thro' your housewife duties, and I on the other shall have written my allotted pages, we shall meet over our frugal meal with far happier and prouder hearts than thousands that are not blessed with any duty, and whose agony is the bitterest of all, "the agony of a too easy bed"? In labor lies health of body and of mind; in suffering and difficulty is the soil of all virtue and all wisdom. By and by, when we have put our house in order, and our hearts in order, and come to understand one another as indivisible portions of the same whole, I predict that we shall be the finest little pair imaginable! A true-hearted, dainty lady-wife; a sick and sulky, but diligent, and not false-hearted or fundamentally unkind good-man; and these two fronting the hardships of life in faithful and eternal union, conquering the evils of their lot by wise effort and perseverance, and every conquest not for *self* but for *another self* far dearer! Let us but be true and good, and we have nothing earthly to dread."

¹⁴ "Love Letters," vol. II. p. 164.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ *Ibid.* p. 299.

¹⁷ *Ibid.* p. 295.

It was a true prediction. She had a hot temper and a sharp tongue, "full of comparisons and wounding flouts," exercised, somewhat liberally, on all who came within the mercy of her wit—there are tokens enough of it in these "Love Letters."¹⁸ He was dyspeptic, irritable and absorbed in his literary work. I came upon a sentence the other day in a book of Lavedan's which is profoundly true: "*Les femmes de grands hommes ont un rôle supérieur et touchant: elles sont les creusets naïfs du génie.*" Mrs. Carlyle undoubtedly realized this. Yet in 1846, after twenty years of married life, she wrote to her husband, "I have grown to love you the longer, the more, till now you are grown to be the whole universe, God, everything, to me; but in proportion as I have got to know *all* your importance to me, I have been losing faith in my importance to you." How womanly that last touch! And how ill-founded! She was all the world to him. With her death the light of his life went out.¹⁹ The grim tragedy²⁰ presented by Mr. Froude is unquestionably a legend; the product of his own cynical imagination. It could not have been derived from actual intercourse with the Carlyles, "because, until after Mrs. Carlyle's death, he was only a rare visitor to their house."²¹ The woman whose "pale, drawn, suffering face haunted him in his dreams," as he alleges, never had any existence out of them. Mrs. Carlyle lived for her husband; he lived for her and his work. For his work

first? It might seem so; but assuredly it was not so. Most assuredly neither of the two is open to the charge of selfishness. There are some words in one of Carlyle's love letters which may well be quoted here, as striking the keynote, so to speak, of their wedded life.

How wild are our wishes, how frantic our schemes of happiness, when we first enter on the world! Our hearts encircled in the delusions of vanity and self-love, we think the Universe was made for us alone; we glory in the strength of our gifts, in the pride of our place; and forget that the fairest ornament of our being is "the quality of mercy," the still, meek, humble Love that dwells in the inmost shrine of our nature, and cannot come to light till Selfishness in all its cunning forms is banished out for us, till affliction and neglect and disappointment have sternly taught us that self is a foundation of sand, that we, even the mighty *we*, are a poor and feeble and most unimportant fraction in the general sum of existence. Fools writhe and wriggle and rebel at this; their life is a little waspish battle against all mankind for refusing to take part with them; and their little dole of reputation and sensation, wasting more and more into a shred, is annihilated at the end of a few beggarly years, and they leave the Earth without ever feeling that the spirit of man is a child of Heaven, and has thoughts and aims in which self and its interests are lost from the eye, as the Eagle is swallowed up in the brightness of the sun to which it soars. Let *us* be wise, let us admit this painful but medicinal conviction, and

¹⁸ In one of them Carlyle addresses her as "My fair Guardian Saint, my kind hot-tempered Angel, my beloved scolding wife," vol. II. p. 290. Another begins "Angel! I never knew till now that you were such an adept in the 'art of scolding,'" vol. I. p. 370.

¹⁹ There is a sentence in one of Carlyle's Letters which I must here quote: "It is no girl-fondness which irradiates my path with false and transient splendor; it is the calm, deliberate love of a noble-minded woman who has given her generous self to me without reserve, the influence of whose fair spirit shines over my life with the warmth and light of a mild May sun." "Love Letters," vol. II. p. 218.

²⁰ Mr. Froude's not too candid biographer owns: "If he had leisure to think of what he was doing, Carlyle could be the most considerate

of husbands. Irritable and selfish he might be, deliberately cruel he never was." "The Life of Froude," by Herbert Paul, p. 295.

²¹ These are the words of Mrs. Larkin, one of the best and most trustworthy witnesses conceivable, the widow of Mr. Henry Larkin, who for many years acted as Carlyle's honorary amanuensis and literary assistant. Mr. and Mrs. Larkin lived in the next house to the Carlyles, and were very fully informed of all their affairs. Mrs. Larkin adds that "the relations between Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle, despite occasional sharp words from the one, and fits of gloom and irritability of the other, were always of the most cordial and affectionate description." The extremely interesting paper from which I am quoting appeared in the "Standard" of September 3, 1905.

meekly learn the lesson which it teaches us. O, Jane! Why should we murmur? Are we not rich in better things than silver or gold, or the vain babble of stupid men? We have found each other, and our hearts are one, our beings are one; for we love each other with a love not grounded on deception but on *truth*, and no force can part us, or rob us of that blessing! Heavenly affection! Heavenly trust of soul to soul! This *can* soften all afflictions, if it is genuine and lasting, as it is in

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noble hearts. The summer sunshine of joy is not its chosen place; it burns with its clearest light in the dark winter of sorrow, when heart is pressed to heart, and one has no hope but in the other, no care but for the other.²²

These are words worth pondering. With them I close the volumes before me, and take leave of "the noble letters of the dead," which have made an end of an ignoble legend.

W. S. Lilly.

SALEH: A SEQUEL.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

XIII.

The month wore to an end at last, this month which had held for Saleh so many startling experiences; and presently word was sent to him by Baker that a steam-launch was in readiness to carry him up-river to the administrative headquarters of the State. Saleh, who had seen his father almost every night so long as it was a question of playing cards with him, found it curiously difficult to arrange a meeting for the purpose of formal-leaving-taking; but as soon as this had been accomplished, and his farewells to his mother had been said, he started upon his journey. He did not go alone, for Râja Pahlâwan Indut and half a dozen other men, retainers of his mother's household, attached themselves to him after the frankly parasitic Malayan fashion. Râja Pahlâwan, by virtue of his rank and past prowess, drew a monthly stipend from State funds, but the rest of the party had determined, after due deliberation, but without consulting the person principally concerned, to live for the future with and *on* Saleh.

Kuâla Pekâra, the administrative capital aforesaid, lies some two hundred and fifty miles up the Pelesu river

from its mouth, close to which the Court of the King is situated. The river flows grandly from the interior through magnificent forest country, receiving on either bank the frequent tribute of other great streams, and its banks are now marvelous cliffs of jungle—tangles of giant trees, crowding underwood, clinging vine, and festooning parasite—rising sheer from the water's brink, now long clusters of villages deep in the shade of palm and fruit-trees, now wide expanses of grass-grown meadow, where the grazing-grounds dip to the river, and the banks are cut into huge, trampled clefts by the passage of the kine trooping down to drink. Occasional wooded islands broke the monotony of the river, or yellow sand-spits and big wedges of granite ran far out into its course; and over all by day smiled the joyous Malayan sunshine, while at night the tropical moon turned all this riverine world to the likeness of a fairyland.

Saleh, lying in a long rattan chair at the bow of the launch, drank in the scenes which succeeded one another in bewildering succession, and felt himself thrilled by an almost fierce appreciation of their beauty. This faculty

²² Vol. II. p. 158.

of enjoyment he owed to his English training, for Malays set little store by the loveliness of inanimate nature, but the thoughts which crowded his mind were not sympathetic to the white men and their works. This miracle of beauty, he told himself again and again, was the country over which his family had ruled from time immemorial; it was his, his, *his*,—his inalienable right and heritage! The folly of his father, who was content to barter so glorious a birthright for empty days wasted among his women, his decoy doves, and his trivial pleasures, appealed to Saleh now as sheer madness. The King, perhaps, was constitutionally unfitted for rule, but he, Saleh, was cast in a different mould. This country was his country, these people were his people: Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate, had dowered him with high estate. Was it not iniquitous, shameful, that his authority and his responsibilities, both equally the gift of Allah, should be suffered by him unresistingly to be usurped by white men who were infidels?

If the English had "left him alone," he, too, would have grown up in a Malayan Court content with such paltry pleasures as such places can afford to a prince, and inclined as little as was his father to take an active part in the administration of his country. But the English in their wisdom had decreed that Saleh should not be left alone; wherefore, having robbed him of a taste for such things as are wont commonly to keep young native rājas quiescent, they had inspired him with cravings and ambitions which the whole practice of their administrative system rendered it impossible that he should ever adequately gratify. Saleh did not fully understand this as yet, nor did the white men; but the former, as he journeyed through the land of his fathers, was torn by discontent and resentment because the old order

changing had given place to the new, and because the reawakened Muhammadan within him whispered that in this way of transformation God surely was *not* fulfilling Himself.

Here and there the riverine landscape was set with a trim British station,—a cluster of bungalows in well-kept grounds, a police barracks, courthouse and hospital, each putting the seal, as it were, upon the administration of the country, Saleh's country, by the white men. In each of these stations there were one or more fine-run young Englishmen, lean from much hard work, who were "in charge" of so many hundreds of square miles of country, and responsible therefor, not to Saleh, or to his father the King, but to the Resident at Kuala Pekāra. They came on board the launch, greeted Saleh courteously, generally, he noticed, in the vernacular, invited him up to their bungalows while the launch took in firewood, and introduced him to hosts of grave-eyed chiefs, village headmen, and elders. It was an added humiliation to Saleh that he should have to be made known to these men—men who by birth and immemorial tradition were vassals of his house—by white men; but what hurt him far more shrewdly was the position which he found himself to occupy in regard to the chiefs, as compared with that held by the white District Officers. From the great territorial chiefs, who of old had had power of life and death in their hands, to the meanest villager, every one treated him with the same marked and ceremonious respect, saluting him as a royalty with uplifted hands, declining to be seated in his presence elsewhere than on the floor, and styling themselves "thy slave" in conversation with him; but it was not to him, but to the young white men. Saleh noted, that these men turned instinctively for instructions or advice.

Again the tawdry husk was his: all that it had once cloaked had passed into the keeping of the English!

XIV.

Kuāla Pekāra is one of the most beautiful places in the world. It is situated on a high, flat promontory at the point where the Pekāra river falls into the Pelesu, both streams being of about the same size and volume, and measuring at this point a matter of a hundred yards from bank to bank. The British Residency stands high upon the point, with great terraced gardens falling like a giant's staircase to the river's brink. Behind it is the European quarters, bungalows in big compounds, separated from the numerous Government buildings by a wide savannah. Beyond that again, occupying an area of flat land some twelve square miles in extent, is the town, laid out with the regularity of a chess-board, and filled with shops owned by Chinese, Tamil, and Bengali traders. The unsightly tin-mines, which make the wealth of the place, lie farther inland still, and are mercifully hidden from view by the masses of town buildings.

From the Residency lawn you look first down on a noble reach of river, on the banks of which the forest has not been suffered to be touched, and so over miles and miles of seemingly primeval jungles to a blue amphitheatre of hills. From the forest at night-times come the plaintive musical notes of the tree-frogs, the hoot of little owls, and the occasional strident scream of the argus-pheasant. Turning upon your bed in the darkness, you are tempted to believe that you are far away in the heart of the untouched wilderness. Pass inland, however, and you find yourself first in a well-ordered British station of the East, with its clubs, its cricket-fields, its lawn-tennis courts, its stone bungalows, and

its solid Government buildings, all designed to endure the ravages of time, and so to the town, which, on a smaller scale, is a replica of the Chinese trading quarter of Singapore. The whole place, rightly judged, is a miracle, for Kuāla Pekāra had been conjured out of the wilderness by the energy and administrative ability of the white men, aided by the enterprise and commercial genius of the Chinese, in a matter of a couple of decades, yet for once the work of man has not been suffered quite to mar the magnificent handiwork of the Creator.

Kuāla Pekāra, coming upon him after days spent in steaming up-river through Malaya, the unchanging, the seemingly inviolate, fairly took Saleh's breath away with astonishment; yet his first impressions were uniformly painful. The British Residency was the first palace that he had seen in this land, of which his father was the reputed King! He could not know that the Sultan, obstinately conservative and a deep hater of new ways, had refused absolutely to allow a proper palace to be built at his Court for his accommodation. His objection, if the truth were known, had really been based upon a fear lest an army of imported workmen should interfere with the monstrous regiment of palace women. This, however, was a detail; but what struck Saleh with a species of despair was the thought of the energy and of the genius for organization and government which had gone to the creation of such a place as Kuāla Pekāra. Beside these things, in contrast with them, the futility of life as he had seen it lived at the Court of Pelesu was presented to his imagination as something so paltry as to be at once vile and degrading. And men of his race and house (the persecuting thought *would* obtrude itself) had possessed this land, to have and to hold, to do with what they would, from time

immemorial! They had had the same chance as the white men; they, too, might have made of it what these strangers had made. They had had their opportunity; they had had centuries to devote to the work where the English had had only as many years; yet they had accomplished nothing, nothing, where these aliens had wrought miracles! The old torturing doubt anent the inherent weakness of himself and of his race, the which, perhaps, lurking at the back of color-prejudice, furnished its justification, rose up in Saleh's mind anew to daunt and harass him. And there was nothing to show that Kuala Pekara was a town of Malaya! The bungalows and the great Government buildings were designed by Europeans; the trim grounds, everywhere in such spick and span order, had been produced under the direction of the race which, as Saleh knew, boasted that it had mowed and rolled its own lawns in the Homeland these five hundred years; the shops were Chinese or Indian; everywhere the Malay, the native of the country, had been quietly eliminated, forced out of existence by superior energy, superior ability to compete successfully in the struggle for wealth and power. Again the doubt assailed him, but now it was hardly to be called a doubt; it was rapidly being transformed into a conviction.

And the very solidity of everything appalled and paralyzed him. Of late he had dreamed dreams of what might have been if he had been his father's heir in the old days before the coming of the white men, and the task of ad-

ministration had seemed to him a simple affair while he journeyed up-river through the sleepy Malayan villages. But here was something with which he could not cope, something too vast and complex for his powers; and the alien rulers, he felt, knew this, and were, withal, so firmly seated that nothing could ever dislodge them. Let him strive as he might to convince them of his desire, his passionate desire to rule his country, the throne of which must some day be his by right of inheritance, to rule it wisely, justly, moderately, as a country should be ruled, these strangers would greet his aspirations with a smile. The semblance of authority, and perhaps some measure of personal influence, might some day at the best be his, but the real power would remain in the hands of the Resident. They would not tell him here that he was "a nigger," and the thought, stated in that crude fashion, would not even present itself to their minds; but the disparity between the white and the Malayan races was, he felt, an article of faith with the rulers of Pelesu—an article of faith fortified, as all things around him attested, by a thousand convincing proofs. These devotees of administrative efficiency, it was certain, would never permit a Malayan rāja, even a man of Saleh's upbringing, to be his own British Resident, and when all was said and done, the British Resident for the time being, and no other man, was the only King of Pelesu!

Once again poor Saleh found himself confronted with the crushing, paralyzing, heart-breaking injustice of Fate.

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

GOLDFINCHES AT RYME INTRINSICA.

There is much in a name, and when I left Yeovil to run to Dorchester by that lonely beautiful road which takes you by the clear, swift Cerne and past the ancient figure of a giant with a club on the down side over against Cerne Abbas, I went a little distance out of my way to look at a small village solely on account of its singular and pretty name. Or rather two villages—Yetminster and Ryme Intrinsic. Who would not go a dozen miles out of his road for the pleasure of seeing places with such names? At the first I was unlucky, since the only inhabitant I made acquaintance with was an unprepossessing, voluble old woman with greedy eyes who, though not too poor, at once set herself to conjure a shilling out of my pocket. In the end we quarrelled and I went away regretting I had met her, seeing that her unpleasing image would be associated in my mind with the picture of Yetminster—its noble, ancient church standing in its wide green space, surrounded by old stone-built thatched houses with valerian and ivy-leaved toad-flax and wallflower growing on the crumbling walls.

At Ryme Intrinsic I was more fortunate. It was a charming village with stone cottages, as is usual in that stone country, and a pretty little church standing in the middle of a green and flowery churchyard. Here there were several small yew-trees, and no sooner had I got inside the gate than out fluttered a goldfinch in brilliant feather, emitting his sharpest alarm note. Then from trees and bushes all round, where they had been concealed, more goldfinches fluttered forth, until there were twelve, all loudly protesting against my presence at that spot, flitting from tree to tree and perching on the terminal twigs within three or four

yards of my head. Never had I seen goldfinches so excited, so bold in mobbing a man: I could only suppose that very few visitors came into that secluded churchyard, where they were breeding, and doubtless a stranger in the place was a much more alarming figure to them than the parson or any of the native villagers would have been. But it was a new and delightful experience to find so many pairs breeding together, making their nests within reach of a man's hand.

Now as I stood there watching the birds I by chance noticed that a man and his wife and little girl standing at their cottage door hard by were intently and suspiciously watching me. On coming out I went over to them and asked the man how long they had had goldfinches breeding so abundantly in their churchyard. A very few years ago, I had been told that the goldfinch had almost ceased to exist in Dorset. He replied that it was true, that goldfinches had begun to increase only during the last three or four years since they had been protected by law all the year round.

He could not have given me more agreeable news. I remembered with a keen sense of satisfaction that the late Mr. Mansel Pleydell-Bouverie, of Whatcombe in Dorset, had written to me asking my advice in drawing up a new bird-protection order for the county, and that in replying I had strongly urged him to secure the fullest protection the law can afford to this most charming and most persecuted of all small birds.

Two or three years before that date I spent several weeks in Somerset, walking a good deal, without once seeing or hearing a goldfinch, yet if I had come within fifty yards of a copse or orchard inhabited by a pair, their

sharp, unmistakable *whit-whit* would have advertised their presence. At Wells I made the acquaintance of a man past middle age who had taken to bird-catching as a boy and still followed that fascinating vocation. "Have you never had goldfinches in these parts?" I asked him; to which he replied that he remembered the time when they were abundant, but for the last thirty years or longer they had been steadily decreasing and were now practically gone. They had gone because they were too much sought after; then he added: "I daresay they would come again if there was a law made to stop us from catching them." I expressed the hope that such a law would come in time, at which he shook his head and grunted. Now Somerset has such a law and I hear that goldfinches are again to be seen in the Wells district. In fact, county after county has taken up the cause of this pretty and useful little bird, and in a small map of the country lying before me, in which the counties where the goldfinch receives protection throughout the year are colored red, I find that on more than three-fourths of the entire area of England and Wales the bird is now safeguarded. As a result it is increasing all over the country, but it will be many years before we have it in its former numbers. How abundant it was about eighty years ago, before its long decline began, may be gathered from the following passage in Cobbett's "Rural Rides" describing his journey from Highworth to Malmesbury in Wiltshire.

"Between Somerford and Ocksey, I saw, on the side of the road, more *goldfinches* than I had ever seen together; I think fifty times as many as I had ever seen at one time in my life. The favorite food of the goldfinch is the seed of the *thistle*. The seed is just now dead-ripe. The thistles are cut and carried away from the fields by

the harvest; but they grow alongside the roads, and in this place in great quantities. So that the goldfinches were got here in flocks, and as they continued to fly before me for nearly half a mile and still sticking to the roads and brakes I do believe I had, at last, a flock of 10,000 flying before me."

Cobbett rightly says that the seed of the thistle is the favorite food of the bird; and once upon a time an ornithologist made the statement that the improved methods of agriculture in England had killed the thistle, thus depriving the goldfinch of its natural food, the result being that the bird had declined in numbers to the verge of extinction. The statement has been copied into pretty well every book on British birds since it was made. O wise ornithologists, what does the goldfinch live on during nine months of the year! How does he exist without his natural food! How does he live even in the unnatural conditions of a cage without thistle-seed! I know of one case in which the poor prisoner lived shut up in his little wire box for eighteen years. Besides, the museum or closet naturalist is very much out of it when he talks about the extirpation of the thistle. The good old plant is doing very well. Long before the recent legislation which empowers the local authorities to protect their birds, I had been a frequent visitor to, and a haunter of, many extensive thistle-grown places in southern England—chalk downs that were once wheat-fields gone out of cultivation for half a century or longer, ruined sheep-walks where in July and August I could look over hundreds of acres of rust-brown thistles, covered with their glistening down, the seed "dead-ripe," and never a goldfinch in sight!

Let us hope the compilers of bird books will now drop this silly fable.

And now I must go back to Ryne Intrinsica—the pretty name of that vil-

lage makes me reluctant to leave it—and to its goldfinches, the little company of twelve fluttering with anxious cries about my head, a very charming spectacle, and to an even more brilliant picture or vision of the past which was all at once restored to my mental eye. We are familiar with the powerful emotional effect of certain odors, associated with our early life in this connection; occasionally effects equally strong are produced by sights and sounds, and this was one. As I stood in the churchyard watching the small flutterers in their black and gold and crimson liveries, listening to their excited cries, a vision of my boyhood was brought before me, so vivid as to seem like reality. After many years I was a boy once more, in my own distant home, and the time was October when the brilliant spring merges into hot summer. I was among the wind-rustled tall Lombardy poplars, inhaling their delicious smell, at that spot where a colony of a couple of dozen black-headed siskins were breeding. They are without the crimson on their faces; their plumage is black and gold, but to all English-speaking people in that far country they are known as goldfinches, and in flight and habits and love of thistle-seed and in melody and in their anxious piping notes they are like our English bird. They are now fluttering about me, like these of Ryne Intrinsica, displaying their golden feathers in the brilliant sunshine, uttering their agitated cries, while I climb tree after tree to find two or three or four nests in each—dainty little mossy down-lined cups placed between the slender branches and trunk, each with its complement of shining pearly eggs—a beautiful sight to a boy!

Then another picture follows. We are now in the burning days of November and December, the vast, open, treeless plains as far as one can see

parched to a rust-brown, and cattle and horses and sheep in thousands to be watered at the great well. I see the native boy on his big horse drawing up the canvas bucket; the man by the well catching the hoop as it comes to the surface and directing the stream of clear, cold water into the long wooden troughs. But the thing to see is the crowd of beasts, the flocks and herds gathering before noon at the accustomed spot, first seen coming in troops and lines, walking, trotting, galloping from all that shadeless illimitable expanse where the last liquid mud in the dried pools has been sucked up. What a violent crowd! What a struggling and what an uproar of bellowings, whinnies and multitudinous bleatings! And what dreadful blows of horns and hoofs rained on each other's tough hides! For they are all mad at the sight and smell of water, and only a few at a time have room to drink at the trough.

But the crowding and fighting and drinking is now all over; even the sheep, the last to get to the water, have had their fill and streamed away over the plain once more, and the split water lying in pools at the side of the long wooden troughs is visited by crowds on crowds of little birds—small crested song-sparrows, glossy purple cow-birds, with other-colored trouplains, the “starlings” of the New World; and tyrant-birds of divers colors—olive-green, yellow, chestnut, black and white and gray and many more; doves, too, brown oven-birds and finches in great variety. The best of these were the goldfinches, in close little flocks and in families, the young birds clamoring for food and drink with incessant, shrill, tremulous, reedy cries.

What a contrast between this dainty, bright-colored crowd of feathered drinkers and that of the pushing, fighting, bellowing beasts! And what a sight for a boy's eyes! There I would stay

in the hot sun to watch them when all the others, the work of watering over, would hurry away to the shade of the house and trees, and my desire to see them more closely, to look at them as one can look at a flower, was so insistent and so intense as to be almost a pain. But I had no binocular and didn't even know that such an instrument existed; and at last to satisfy the craving I took it into my head to catch them—to fill my hands with goldfinches and have them in numbers. It was easily done. I put an old deal box or packing-case over a pool of water, one side propped up with a stick, to which a long string was attached. With the end of the string in my hand I sat and waited, while birds of many kinds came and took their half-dozen sips and flew away, but when a flock of goldfinches appeared and gathered to drink under the box, I pulled the string and made them prisoners. Then I transferred them to a big cage, and, placing it on a stand under the trees, sat down to feast my eyes on the sight—to look at a goldfinch as I would look at a flower. And I had my reward and was supremely happy, but it was a short-lived happiness, for very soon the terror and distress of my little captives, and their senseless, frantic efforts to get out of their prison, began to annoy and make me miserable. I say "senseless" because I had no intention of keeping them in captivity, and to my small-boy brain it seemed that they might have restrained themselves a little and allowed me to enjoy seeing them for an hour or two. But as their flutterings and strainings and distressing cries continued I opened the cage and allowed them to fly away.

Looking back on that incident now, it strikes me as rather an inhuman thing to have done; but to the boy, whose imagination has not yet dawned, who does not know what he is doing, much has to be forgiven. He has a monkey-

like, prying curiosity about things, especially about living things, but little love for them. A bird in a cage is more to him as a rule than many birds in a bush, and some grow up without ever getting beyond this lower stage. Love or fondness of or kindness to animals, with other expressions of the kind, are too common in our mouths, especially in the mouths of those who keep larks, linnets, siskins and goldfinches in cages. But what a strange "love" and "kindness" which deprives its object of liberty and its wonderful faculty of flight! It is very like that of the London east-end fancier who sears the eyeballs of his chaffinch with a red-hot needle to cherish it ever after and grieve bitterly when its little darkened life is finished. "You'll think me a soft-hearted chap, but 'pon my soul when I got up and went to say good-morning to my bird, and give him a bit of something to peck at, and found poor Chaffie lying there dead and cold at the bottom of his cage, it made the tears come into my eyes."

It is love of a kind, no doubt.

The east-ender is "devoted" to his chaffinch, but for the generality the first favorite is undoubtedly the goldfinch, and if few are seen in cages compared with larks and linnets it is because they are much rarer and cost more. Our "devotion" to it, as we have seen, nearly caused its extermination in Britain, and we now import large numbers from Spain to supply the demand. One doubts that the bird will stand this drain very long, as the Spanish are just as fond of it (in a cage) as we are.

Here I am reminded of a very charming little poem about a caged goldfinch by one of my favorite authors—"El Colorin de Fillis," by Melendez, an eighteenth-century poet. I do not think that any one who reads this poem and others of equal merit to be found in the literature of Spain would deny that the

sentiment of admiration and tenderness for birds is sometimes better and more beautifully expressed in Spanish poetry than in ours. Not only in the old, which is best, but occasionally in reading modern verse I have been surprised into the exclamation: Would that we could have this poem, or this passage, suitably translated! This has seemed strange, since we cannot allow that the Spanish generally, wedded as they are to their ancient barbarous pastimes, and killers of all small birds for the pot as they are now becoming in imitation of their French neighbors, can surpass or even equal us in sympathy for the inferior creatures. It is the language which makes the difference; the Spanish is better suited to the expression of tender sentiments of that kind. The verse flows more freely, with a more natural music than ours; it is less mechanical and monotonous in sound, and as it is less distinct from prose and speech in form, we are never so conscious of the artistry. The feeling appears more genuine, more from the heart, because of the seeming artlessness. We see it all in this little goldfinch poem and say at once that it is untranslatable, or that it would be impossible to render its spirit, because in English verse the tender feeling, even if it could be expressed so delicately and beautifully, would not convey the same air of sincerity. Swinburne could not do it, which may seem a bold thing to say, seeing that he has given a music to our language it never knew before. It is a music which in certain supreme passages makes one wonder, as if it did not consist in the mere cunning collocation of words but in a magic power to alter their very sound, producing something of a strange, exotic effect, incomparably beautiful and altogether new in our poetry. But great as it is it never allows us to escape from the sense of the art in it, and is as unlike the natu-

ral music of Melendez as the finest operatic singing is unlike the spontaneous speech, intermingled with rippling laughter, of a young girl with a beautiful fresh sparkling voice.

From Swinburne to Adelaide Anne Proctor is a long drop, but in this lady's works there is a little poem entitled "The Child and the Bird," which, if not precisely a translation, strikes me as a very close imitation of the "Phyllis and her Goldfinch" of Melendez, or of some other continental poet, probably Spanish, who has treated the same subject. At all events, the incident related is the same, except that a little girl has been substituted for the young wife of the original. Here is the first stanza:

Wherefore pinest thou, my bird?
Thy sweet song is never heard.
All the bird's best joys surround thee,
Ever since the day I found thee.
Once thy voice was free and glad,
Tell me why thou art so sad?
If this coarse thread cause thee pain,
Thou shalt have a silken chain.

What poor, artificial stuff it is! How it bumps you, each line ending with the dull, hard, wooden thud of the rhyme. Doubtless if a better poet had written it the result would not have been so bad; my sole reason for quoting it is that I can find no other translation or version in our literature. We abound in bird poems, some of them among the most beautiful lyrics in the language; but I confess that, for the reasons already given, even the best, such as those of Wordsworth, Hogg, Shelley and Swinburne himself, particularly in his splendid Ode to the Seamew, fail to give me entire satisfaction.

I am bad at translating, or paraphrasing, anything, and the subject of the Spanish poem is one peculiarly suited to verse; if taken out of that sublimated emotional language, I fear it must seem flat, if not ridiculous. Nevertheless, I will venture to give here a simple prose translation of the anecdote, and will ask

the reader to retranslate it in imagination into swift-flowing verse, in a language perhaps unknown to him which reproduces to the eye and ear of the mind the sights and sounds described—the disordered motions, the flutterings and piercing cries of the agitated bird, and the responsive emotions of its tender-hearted mistress, which come, too, in gusts, like those of her captive, and have, too, their own natural rhythm.

The poem tells that one day Phyllis finds her pet goldfinch in a strangely excited state, in revolt against its destiny, at war with the wires of its cage.

Phyllis of the tender heart, the simple tastes, the lover of little birds from a child, who, though now a wife, finds in them still her dearest, most intimate happiness.

What ails her bird? He strikes his little beak on the wires, then strikes again; he clings to the side of his cage; he flits, above, below, to this side and to that, then grasping a wire with his small mandibles, tugs and tugs as if he hoped by putting forth all his little strength to break it. He cannot break nor bend it, nor can he rest, but tired of tugging he thrusts his head through the close bars and strives and strains to force his way out, beating on them with his wings. Then, after a brief pause, renews and redoubles his puny efforts; and at last, taken out of himself, dashes from side to side, until the suspended cage is shaken with his passion.

Ah, my birdling, cries lovely Phyllis, astonished and grieved at the spectacle, what a poor return you are making me! How badly this temper fits you!—how unlike your gentle twittering this new sharpness in your voice which wounds me! But I know the cause too well! Fear not, dear bird, to alienate my love—that I shall forget in this your rebellious moment the charm that made you precious, and charge you with ingratitude and in anger and disdain thrust

you from my sight. For what avails my solicitude and affection—what does it matter that with my own hands I supply you with food and drink and a hundred delicate morsels besides; that with my fingers I tenderly caress you; that I kiss you with my lips? It is nothing that you are dear to me, that my chief delight is in listening to your sweet lively trills and twitterings, since I am but your gaoler who holds you from that free air which is your home and the sweet mate you would be with! No, you cannot be glad; nor is it possible you should not fear and hate the hand that ministers to your wants, since it is the same hand that has cruelly hurt you and may hurt you again with a yet closer, more barbarous confinement.

Alas, I know your pain, for I too am a captive and lament my destiny, and though the bonds that hold me are woven with flowers I feel their weight none the less, and cannot but feel it. Left an orphan in my earliest years, it was my fate to leave my home before completing my seventeenth year, at the will of others, to be a wife. He who took me was amiable and more than kind to me. Like a brother, a friend, a passionate lover, he protects, he honors, he worships me, and in his house my will is law. But I have no pleasure in it. His devotion, his gifts, are like mine to you, when I am carried away by the charm of your beauty and melody, when I call you my sweet little one, and you come to my call to bite me caressingly with your little beak and flutter your black and yellow wings as if to embrace me; and in my ardor I take you tenderly in my hands to hold you to my heaving breast and wish and wish that in kissing you I could give you my very life!

Even so does my owner with me: when in the delirium of passion he strains me to him, when he showers gold and gems and all beautiful gifts

on me, and seeks after every imaginable pleasure, and would give his very life for me—his mistress, bride and queen, who is more than all the world to him. In vain—in vain! Here in my heart there is a voice which asks me: Does it delight you? Does it sweeten your captivity? Oh, no, no, his benefits do but increase this secret eternal bitterness!

Even so do you, oh, my little bird, reward me for all my love and tenderness and blame me with those painfully sharp notes for this tasteless life to which you are doomed; even so do you cry for your lost liberty, and open and flutter your wings with the desire to fly.

The English Review.

You shall not open them in vain—your pleadings have pierced my heart. You shall go, my beloved bird—you shall go in peace. My love can no longer deny you the boon desired so ardently—so easily bestowed! Go, and know the happiness which freedom gives, which is now yours, but can not also be mine.

So saying, Phyllis opens the cage and sets it free. Away it flies; tears burst forth at the sight; tearfully she watches it winging its way through the air till its little form is lost in the distance; and gazing still, for one sweet moment has the illusion that she, too, has flown, following it—that she, too, has recovered her lost liberty.

W. H. Hudson.

PEOPLE WHO GO TO PLAYS.

One of the most interesting events, theatrically speaking, which have happened in England lately, is the production of *An Englishman's Home*, by Major Du Maurier. That is not by any means to say that it is the most interesting of recent plays which have been written and produced in the language. The interest lies in the reception. It is not at all subtle or profound, does not aim at statement or solution of any psychological problem. It is all tolerably obvious, though the humor is clever and the construction sound. But no one concerned in it knew whether it was to be a hit or a miss in public esteem, and the force of the hit that it did make came as a surprise to everybody. It has really had an awakening effect. There is here no occasion for vague talk about "the moral influence of the stage," a phrase often on the lips of people who must, if they are honest, have a great doubt whether the stage has any influence, moral or the reverse, on anyone concerned with it except the actors.

There is no doubt about the influence here. It has set the ordinary apathetic, football-watching Briton wondering whether all is really quite well with him; it has even impelled many into the ranks of the Territorial Army. It is all very wonderful.

This play was at once talked about, it became a subject of discussion more than any other, and naturally, therefore, it has attracted crowds. But it is to be admitted that its source of attraction was not the artistic merit of author or of actor (though that is not to imply a lack of merit in either), but that the real attraction consisted in the subject matter, the theme. People went to see this play saying to themselves, "By Jove, I want to see the sort of people we are!"—amusingly and interestingly portrayed, be it understood, and portrayed with an obviousness which could not miss the mark of the least keen brain.

That again is a chief reason of this play's success. There are others which show us equally important se-

crets; perhaps very much more important, because they are secrets not of this or that nation, but of all the world, of human nature. But the revelation is not so simple; it is comparatively subtle; it "gives to think," and the great majority of the people of England who go to see a play do not go with any such purpose whatever. They have no wish to be given to think. They go to be amused and made to laugh, not to vex their brains. A certain class also like their emotions stirred, as by melodrama, and love a great spectacle.

It is this that really makes the despair of the English playwright—his audience. A certain actor—something of a dramatic author also—informed me that he was lately at luncheon in a golf club not far from London and heard one member with a big moustache (whereby he judged him to be a Guardsman) say to another, "By Jove, my dear fellow, went to the best play last night I ever saw in my life. Cleverest thing I ever saw, by Jove. Don't know, I'm sure, whom it was by—forget exactly what it was all about—hardly remember the name of any of the actor Johnnies, don't you know. But, by Jove, there was a little fellow in it, and he came on in armor, don't you know. Deuced funny. You should go and see it."

That was all he could tell, in his most eloquent vein, to his friend, about the cleverest thing he had ever seen in his life. Is it not rather desperate for the unfortunate playwright who has to cater for a public composed of critics of this character? Just imagine the sentiments of this person of great moustachios and appreciation for little men in armor, if he was set down to watch a play by Ibsen. In all probability he would not even begin to understand what it was all about, and if he did understand it, it would not interest him. The typical

attitude of his class towards a play with any thinking, any problem in it, was revealed to me by the remark of one of them coming from a performance of *Olive Latimer's Husband*: "What a gloomy play!" The remark had a truth in it; the piece is not a cheerful one. But it is not the remark that sums up the points, or that touches the main character of the piece. It is a play very far from perfect, but essentially it is a play that raises interesting questions. It gives to think; that is what is the matter with it according to the criticism which the utterance coming from the man of big moustaches typifies. That it affords Mrs. Patrick Campbell an opportunity for a splendid piece of acting is a fact which does make something of an appeal to him, but that is not enough in his eyes to save the play from gloom and his evening's amusement from failure.

It may be said that the writer of plays has no business to concern himself with an audience of this character, that it does not count. The answer to that, however, is the simple and direct negative: it is not true. Emphatically, for the production of a play the audience does count. It is an integral part of the performance. It is herein that the playwright's art differs from that of the painter or the novel-writer. To one or other of the two last, complaining of lack of public appreciation, the answer is ready: "Be true to yourself, do your best work, be indifferent to your public; after a time, if your work is good, your public will come to you."

You may say this to them because there are means of showing pictures—to a limited public, it may be, but still to some section of the public—even if they are not popular, and of submitting to the general verdict a book, though, it may be, in a very small edition. But this is not the case with a

play. If you cannot capture an audience, if (in the present condition of the English stage at least) a manager does not deem it likely that your play will have an audience, there is virtually no possibility of producing it at all. A painting is done when the canvas is covered according to the artist's intention, a book when sufficient sheets for the telling of the tale have been similarly filled, but a play can hardly be said to have existence, to draw the breath of life at all, until it is acted. That is the fact which makes all the difference between this art and others. There are a few societies which live for the purpose of giving this life to plays which would otherwise be stillborn, because they could not attract a greater public, but though they have done fine work in giving the opportunity of production to a few authors to whom it would otherwise have been denied, and in one striking instance at least to an author who has since achieved as much popular success as one of his kind can expect with reason, the playwright can hardly be called on to address himself to this small section alone. He has to gain some wider popularity or else confess himself something very like a failure, however fine, in literary and psychological qualities, his work may be. He has failed to hit an audience, and if the writer of plays intended to be acted fails in this he has failed in one, at least, of his chief aims. It is very well for Robert Browning to write himself down as "you maker of plays," but with all possible admiration for his genius, and full recognition of the fact that by some kind of *tour de force* the effort has been made to place on the stage some of his passages, we feel that it is only by a little stretch of the meaning of words that we can allow him such a title as he claims, no doubt not very seriously. A maker of plays must

make actors play them and audiences attend them.

And yet it would be rather desperate if we were to admit that our playwrights had to write entirely for the appreciators of "the little fellow in armor." Besides these, there is a great public which admires, above all else, the magnificent spectacle and cares not how far the incidents and portrayed persons are remote from real life. The staginess of construction or of character does not trouble them at all. It was of a play of this species that one of its authors said to me in horror, "Whatever you do don't go and see it!" "Oh no," I said, "I will not, but we are going to send the servants." "Oh, yes," said he. "Do. It's a splendid piece of carpentering—the nails and glue sticking out all over it. They'll love it."

So they went, and they loved it, as he had said, and the next day I was dining with a financier of no little acuteness in the City, who was also a member of Parliament, if that is to be attributed to him as an added grace, and in course of the talk I heard him say to another of his kind, "I say, there's one play you *must* go and see. You mustn't miss that," and then he named that very thing of glue and nails and gaudy spectacle and remoteness from all that is akin to life. He loved as the servants loved, though in his own line he had much intelligence.

Now in this play there was no wit at all, nor an attempt at it. There was magnificence and murder and melodrama, and it is obvious that for a piece of this description there is a great audience. There is money in it, and the playwright who loves to boil the pot will set it humming with a production of the kind. He will not lack the audience, which is the true fire beneath the pot. Whether he will be proud of the quality of that audience is another story, perhaps one

that will not trouble him. Perhaps the man who handles glue and nails in this fashion is not excessively particular. In any case he has his reward.

Undoubtedly there is this big audience for melodrama, as there is also for little fellows in armor, and, besides, there are good audiences for what is described as "the bright society piece." This is of the kind which affects a Gallic lightness in its treatment, is extremely clever, really "quite good," leaving us with the conviction that the author could do a good deal better, but that he has deliberately made up his mind that the public do not want his better, and he will therefore give them his worse. He is not to be blamed, in the sense that a painter or a novel-writer might be blamed for a like lowering of his art. The reason has been stated: a play must be produced. This is the kind of piece which will catch what is called society. It will appeal to the lover of the little fellow in armor on the one side, and will catch the financier and others who appreciate the melodramatic splendors, but it will not do to send the servants to. It would not interest them. And it will hardly catch those who want a psychological study in a play; the more fastidious of this kind of audience it will disgust, though the less delicate will appreciate its brightness and its wit which does not go beneath the skin. It is just because it does not go too deep that its audiences will be big, for its humor is of the kind that men and women who have dined generously and are not in the mental condition for keenest thought can perceive and then go away with the agreeable impression that they have been remarkably clever in perceiving it. That is always so satisfactory. It places us at once among the elect.

It might seem, from all these cogent

reflections, that a terrible indictment of the present English playwright was the one possible conclusion, to the effect that only by bad writing could the production be popular. It is merely needful to call to mind the names of one or two of the most successful playwrights to confute this desperate and extreme verdict—Pinero and Barrie, Shaw and so on. The two last-named have qualities which are altogether individual, Mr. Barrie an immortal childishness of the heart united to an ingenuity which is scarcely canny; Mr. Shaw an original view of the problems of life which presents itself to other men at first in the light of a paradox, until consideration has to convince them that the apparent paradox rests on a basis which ought to be common sense. It is Mr. Shaw's mission to make common sense of his seeming paradox. Almost, in *Arms and the Man*, he persuades that a wise soldier fills his magazine with chocolates, not cartridges, that the hero's version of the Charge of the Light Brigade could be justified only on the supposition of his knowledge that the enemy's ammunition did not fit their guns, that the commander is a man of the pen, not of the sword. We could multiply instances from this or any other of his plays.

And Mr. Pinero? Somehow I have the opinion—to be given very generously, like most worthless things—that when a future generation comes to reckon up our playwrights he is the one that will be remembered. I do not speak so much of the Mr. Pinero, wielder of *The Thunderbolt*, though that missed its mark, not by any failure of the hand to wield it, but of the audience whom its thunder should have smitten. It was a little too good. Nor so much of the Mr. Pinero of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, though that splendid play perhaps touched top

mark of any written lately, but rather of that almost forgotten Mr. Pinero of *The Magistrate*, *The Cabinet Minister*, *The Schoolmistress*, *Dandy Dick*, and the rest of the very many mirth-raisers. Even to-day, though the *asides* are an anachronism, they can be read with finest enjoyment and surprise at their humor of dialogue and situation. But Mr. Pinero puts them behind him, as if they were childish things, though we had some of their sparkle in *The Gay Lord Ques.* Yet a big public would not have *The Thunderbolt*. It gave them too much to think.

Therefore it seems as if the playwright if he is to present us with plays in their fullest sense—that is, plays which will be acted—must in some degree compromise. And that, returning to the point of outset, *An Englishman's Home*, is what the author of that play, so remarkable in its reception, has seemed to realize in giving it its much-criticised conclusion. Had it finished on the low note of England's unprepared futility it is likely enough that it would not have been received at all—not listened to—and its lesson thus never would have been learnt. Logically that lesson, as the play stands, is of course that the unprepared futility does not matter, that England will continue to "muddle through somehow," till the cows come home; but that is not the lesson, as we well know, that the teacher intended, nor is it the lesson that the Englishman draws. He understands it all to mean that we stand, by reason of our unpreparedness, in the presence of grave national danger (whether truly or not is beside the present point), and that is what the writer meant. His pretty ending is intended only to make the lesson pleasant, and the Englishman seems well able to "muddle through" the logical necessity—and come out at the other side with practical appreciation

of his salutary scourging. It would not matter now, in all likelihood, if the ending were changed, so as to make it logical and nationally ominous. The play has its *réclame* now, its fame, its assured success, but the bait had to be sugared in the first instance. It is at least doubtful whether it would have been taken had it not been.

Unquestionably it is this that makes the success of a play, that it should be talked about. That it should be written about is something, but that comes later. It is only because of the talking that there is the writing, for the general writers write that which they perceive, or think, will interest readers. The criticisms of the professional critics, so to call them, are interesting, but they do not make or mar a play's success. They have nothing to say to its popularity. For one thing the point of view of the critic is entirely different from that of the vast majority of people who go to plays. He looks at it as an artist may, criticises the construction, the character development, the truth to nature. Moreover he has been to so many plays, and regarded so many from this point of view, that anything in the nature of a trade trick revolts him. He is wearied by it. He says, "We have seen this a thousand and one times before." The public does not criticise thus. If it has seen the thing, say, a hundred times before, to the thousand of the critic, it has not given it the attention that he has. The great kind public does not mind a trick or two. If it can get amusement out of the most obvious trick it is ready enough to forgive the means. It is not so terribly *blasé* and *désillusionné* (why are all these epithets of cynicism so much more expressive in the French?) as the professional man.

Of people who go to plays a certain number are inveterate first-nighters.

No matter what the play or who the actors, they make it a point of honor to attend the first representation. And this is a curious fancy, for there is no doubt that as a rule you get your play worse done on the first night than ever again. The voice of the prompter is loud in the land. If you have the fortune to be sitting so as to get a view of the side scenes, on the first night of a play given by a certain star actor—a very bright luminary indeed—you may see his own particular *âme damnée* indicating to him not only all he has to say but all the bits of business he has to do, rubbing his nose at one moment, wiping his eye the next, each of these movements having a meaning which the great man reproduces, with much added majesty, for the audience. Still, those who go on the first night are twenty-four hours ahead of those who go on the second, and it always gives a sense of superiority to have opened the oyster a little before the man whom you meet in the street.

Besides the first-night audience, which is to be reckoned as more or less of a certainty, there is a certain hearing assured for every prominent actor and actress, no matter in what piece they are appearing. Each has a personal following. There is one of our actresses who may be relied upon to fill a house of ordinary size for six weeks, quite apart from any merit of the play in which she has the star rôle. People go to see the actress, not the play. Each theatre, moreover, has its *clientèle*. Far away in mid ocean you may hear one returning exile say to another, "There is a new piece at the So-and-So. I must go and see that." He does not ask what it is about, or who is in it. It is at the theatre of which he has been an *habitué*; that is enough for him. He knows, or he thinks he knows, what kind of play he is likely to see at just

that theatre, and he goes to it accordingly. It is for this reason that it is something of a disappointment and a shock when a piece of some entirely different character from that which is usual at any one theatre is produced on its stage. *Olive Latimer's Husband* at the Vaudeville, for example, gives something of the sensation we might have if we found the pages of "Robert Elsmere" bound within the covers of the "Contes de Jean Tournebroche." The very name of "Vaudeville" almost contradicts the idea of a "thinking" piece. No wonder that the man of the big moustaches came out with a sense of gloom.

There are a certain number of people who go to plays to see the dresses. Of these there are two kinds, professionals and amateurs. There is the smart lady, who wants to be smarter than her nearest and dearest friend and must go because the stage shows the *dernier cri*; and there are the dress-makers, who go that they may consult with their clients and say, "Did you see how the sleeves were cut in that gown which Miss M. T. wears in the last act of Mr. Maugham's latest?" Only they do not name the author, because he is, to ninety-nine hundredths of people who go to plays, a person of no importance.

It is not often that you will find an audience which has not some actors and actresses among it. It is said that it is curious how fond they are of going to the theatre. Perhaps it would be more curious if they were not. It must be most interesting to see how the products of their art look from the other side of the footlights. They go with an earnest desire to learn, in the first place, naturally with a very great appreciation of all the points, both of the writing and the acting, and with a most generous disposition to give credit for all that is done well. There is no more generous

critic of an actor or actress than another of the same trade. It is not always so in the arts.

What is more singular than the attraction which the theatre has for actors is the little attraction it has for playwrights. Yet this is again not without its tolerably obvious explanation. If the professional critic is apt to hear the machinery creak and see the nails and glue more than the ordinary public, how much more, again, is the playwright—the man whose work is with these materials—likely to be painfully conscious of them. If

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spontaneity counts for anything—and surely it counts for a very great deal—in the illusion which the playwright tries to produce, how can he hope to produce it for one who is always busy endeavoring to create the same illusion? Did not Cicero, who seldom made a joke, say that he wondered how two *auspices* (bird-seers, and fortune-tellers from the flight of birds) could pass each other in the street without laughing? It must surely be with something of the same consciousness that a playwright goes to see another's work.

Horace G. Hutchinson.

THE LIMIT.

"For every man shall bear his own burden."
—ST. PAUL.

This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling cling to the boat behind
Play up, play up and play the game."
—HENRY NEWBOLT.

"Pah!"

Bad language followed this exclamation, then the sound of a man spitting. Out of the darkness ten yards away there came—"Hullo, what's up?"

"I was just going to curl up here, thought it was a pile of straw; but it's the corner of a pig-sty or a manure heap—(sniff). I don't know which, I can't see."

"You're too particular. This isn't a bed of violets exactly, but it's straw anyway, fairly dry, with a roof on top, and room for two. Come across here." A scuffling noise over the cobble-stones as of a man walking in one boot followed.

"Mind your head—and my rifle! That's it, to the right."

With a rustle and clatter some one sat down grunting. He spoke—

"That's better."

He fumbled in his haversack and pulled out a pipe which he filled. Putting it between his lips he sucked at

it—unlit—solemnly. It was foul and wheezed at every pull.

"Match?" said the other. "I've still got a few, but I've no baccy. I'll swop a light for a fill."

"Right-o! Give us your hand." No pouch was passed—the men were strangers—but a load of tobacco was pressed into the outstretched palm. There was a pause.

"Ready?"

"Ay."

The match was struck with care and shielded between a pair of hollowed hands. One after the other the pipe-bowls were inserted and the flame was drawn down on to the glowing tobacco in a long tongue. Released from each draw it blazed up momentarily and cast enough light to show two soldiers sitting on a heap of straw under a lean-to roof which was in a corner of a yard against a barn-like building. Round the enclosure was a low wall, and in the other

corners were some vague heaps and rough sheds. Barely had the light of the match flared up finally after the pipes were alight than a hoarse voice was heard from over the wall on the right: "Here, hold hard, don't chuck it away," and two more soldiers, almost falling over the wall into the circle of light, scrambled up over the damp cobble-stones just in time to make use of the last flicker. With a word of thanks they again vanished.

Besides lighting up the two men on the straw, the match had lasted long enough to show that one of them was wearing only one boot, the other foot was bandaged. This man had noticed that the number on the other's shoulder-strap was not that of any regiment in his brigade.

"Hullo. What are you doing here? Lost yourself?"

The reply was given slowly and in jerks between puffs of smoke.

"Yes; mounted man; sent back with message yesterday; tried to rejoin my regiment; horse shot; couldn't get a remount; ordered to join nearest force—this brigade. I struck your regiment; here I am—infantry!"

"Where's your own lot?"

"Miles away on the flank."

"Been with us all day?"

"Yes, since last night."

"Then you've helped to attack this place?"

"Yes."

"Many down your side?"

"Heaps."

"Ah! I wonder how long we shall have here?"

"All night, I suppose, unless they attack us. That's why we've been doing all this work fortifying the place since we got in. What's your job been?"

The other did not speak. He gently slapped the blade of a small shovel which was dangling by his side. The speaker continued.

"I haven't got one. I've been making loopholes with my bayonet—had nothing else. I carried out orders; but please God some one knows what the loopholes fire on—I don't. It was dark when we started work; but it strikes me that if we use them we shall be shooting our own men in the back."

"Dessay; things are bound to be in a bit of a mess when you get a place at night. Why did you come in here? What put you on to this straw? The yard don't smell too nice."

"To get out of the wind; and I guessed there might be some straw that wasn't sopping under the lee of this barn-place," said the mounted man.

"I tried the barn first; but, once I got inside, the look of the roof against the sky was enough. Our guns must have got on to it pretty often. The whole show may tumble in any moment. I expect it is full of their dead, too."

"But there's quite a crowd of our fellows in there now."

"I know. It's warm inside, and dry; and some of 'em are so fed up they don't care a damn what happens."

There was no more conversation for some time. The glow of the pipes, however, and the rustle of the straw as the men fidgetted, showed that they were not sleeping. They ought to have fallen asleep at once, for they were tired out, having marched far and fought hard during the two previous days. They were taking part in a large attack—successful as far as they were concerned, in that they had gained possession of the village for which they had been fighting all day. After the enemy had been finally driven out of the place there had still been much to do in strengthening it against any possible effort at recapture. Though otherwise unimportant, it was a stepping-stone for the morrow's advance. The wearied men had been digging, knocking holes in walls, driving in

stakes, and struggling in the dark with obstinate and savage barbed wire until the night was far advanced. They had then been allowed to feed and rest wherever they could find shelter near their position. Not many besides the wounded were in buildings, for the firing line was on the outer fringe of the village, some way from the houses. It was in tool-sheds, yards, barns, cow-houses, and sties that the lucky ones got shelter. The rest were out in the open. Though the temperature was not really low, the night seemed cold to the sweat-soaked soldiers who had been fighting and crawling all day in the sun. Moreover, they were wet; for it was under cover of a rainstorm at dusk that they had at last succeeded in rushing the place. Pursuit in the dark and with tired infantry being out of the question, they had just to hang on to what they had won.

To men in such a condition, who had no roof over their heads, the chance of a straw bed out of the wind had outweighed such a trifle as the overwhelming farm-yard smell which hung round behind the barn. The two chance comrades did not sleep, but neither spoke for some time for fear of waking the other. At last the infantry soldier turned over. As he did so he groaned aloud and swore.

"Eh?" grunted his companion.

"Rubbed foot: slung me boot round me neck yesterday; lost it to-day crawling, and a job I've had to dodge the medical officer. The infernal thing throbs so now that I can't sleep."

"No more can I. My rheumatism or lumbago or whatever it is gives me devilish little chance. I lie awake, smoke,—when I have baccy,—and think."

"Yes, there's a lot of us do a bit of thinking these days. Been a surprise to most of us this show." From his conversation it was evident that the speaker, though not a man of good

birth or much education, was of a superior class. He rarely dropped an "h." There was no response from the other, and he proceeded:

"In the first place, I never dreamt these — could fight so well." He used a common but coarse nickname for the enemy.

"Why not?"

"They're not serving voluntarily—they're conscripts! I was always told that one volunteer was worth—"

"I know that old yarn well."

"You didn't believe in it then?"

"No. I'd travelled too much."

"Well, the most of us haven't travelled, and we thought it was all right. Couldn't have believed that pressed men—slaves in a manner of speaking—could have so much spirit. Why, they fight like the devil, at anyrate quite as well as us. And from the prisoners and wounded that I've seen, they don't seem very down-trodden neither. *They* don't appear to have much of a grievance!"

"No; why should they?"

"Why, they're forced to fight whether they like it or not, aren't they?"

"That's just it. They're all in the same boat, and they're all doing their best."

"You mean they aren't worried by thinking of the—well—who are we all thinking of?"

"That's what I mean. It's our thoughts of those at home that are worrying us, nothing else."

"I believe you. We are beginning or, I should say, have begun to regret we ever came. Is it the danger, the wounds, the hardships? No! Is it the filth? No! Why, I am lousy—*lousy*, man, and I don't much care! Then, what is it?"—he was overwrought and sleepless, and his voice rose to a husky shout,—*"I ask you."*

"We all know," said the other somewhat wearily. He had heard all this several times—it was true, but repeti-

tion was vain. "But it's not much good going over it again. Those that know it best and feel it most perhaps say least."

"You're right," was the reply; "what's the good of talking about it? We did keep the thoughts down at first, when we were full of enthusiasm; but now——!"

There was no immediate answer, and the bootless man was again the first to speak:

"I say."

"Yes."

"Inclined to talk?"

"Oh yes—may as well."

"There's one or two things I want to know—perhaps you can tell me. I'm a thinking man, mind you, though I've not had your advantages in position and education. I work for my living at home——"

"So do I, though possibly in a different way. Out with it."

"Ought not the people attacking to have the advantage in numbers, about three or four to one, or something of that?"

"Yes, that's the idea."

"We're attacking. Have we got it? It don't look so to me. As far as I've seen they've always had the pull over us so far."

"So they have. They've got far more men than we have."

"Then what I say is, why don't we let them attack us? Let them do a bit of the advancing in the open while we do a bit of shooting from the trenches. That sounds right, don't it?"

"It sounds all right: unluckily we can't afford to wait. We must try and finish them off soon,—to wait would be to play their game. As they can reinforce three or four to our one—and better trained men too—every hour goes against us. That's why we are shoving on so hard now. We have marched quick and concentrated here suddenly in order to neutralize this

disadvantage, and I suppose we have a few more men here than they have against us at present."

There was again a pause.

"You seem to know a bit. Why aren't you an officer?"

"Perhaps I might have been, but I was quite content to take a rifle. I'm not the only one in this army."

"Where did you get all this that you've been telling me about this attack?"

"Oh, I heard that from two of my own officers when they were discussing their own part of the show. That was miles away: they're on the flank with the Regulars."

"I wonder if they feel like we do."

"Who, the officers?"

"No, the Regulars."

"A bit, I dare say, but not so much; it's their profession, they run all the risk, of course; but they haven't sacrificed anything to come out here in the way we have."

There was again a halt in the instruction, and the tobacco-pouch was passed across without reserve now. "Have another fill?" The same exchange was effected, and pipes were again lit.

"However, it all comes back to the same thing in the end. Here we are fighting against fearful odds, and yet they're not a bigger nation than we are, and not so rich by a long way, and all because——"

"Precisely. That's it. You can't get round it."

There was a long silence this time, broken only by distant noises, a rifle-shot or so, and the snoring of sleeping men close by. His pipe was again smoked out, and the man who might have been an officer was immersed in thought when he was startled by a volley of bad language from his companion.

"What's up now?"

"Hullo! Where? Ah—oh—er—I'd

dozed off. I was dreaming about my brother."

"Sorry! Curiously enough, I was thinking of two of mine. You don't seem to love your brother!"

After some more language, which was a sad backsliding from the speaker's usual style, he continued ungrammatically but fervently—

"No—I don't. He's one of the sort the thoughts of which are breaking us up. He could and should be 'ere with us. D'you know what he'll likely be doing now?" He spoke in an excited tone, losing some control of his aspirates, and regardless of such a thing as longitude. "He'll 'ave knocked off work—probably 'ave got my job now—he'll 'ave knocked off work, perhaps watched some football, had his tea—high tea—and will be going off to a music-hall. If I know anything about 'im he will have stuck somebody else for the price of a ticket; he always did like somebody else to do the paying—did my brother. At the hall he'll sing patriotic songs with the best of them; then more drinks—some one else paying, mind you—though he's earning good money now—and then the National Anthem." He stopped to take breath. "That's my brother, God bless 'im! and that's what he's doing for his country while you and me are lying worn-out and lousy on a dung-heap. He could have come. He has no wife or kids, and has money saved; but he isn't such a damned fool, he says, as to waste his time and money in training or to fight for other people who stay behind and get all the pickings. If he called me a fool once he must have done it scores of times. I'm not sure but he wasn't right too! That's the sort of fat loafer with the thousands of others like him that we are fighting for as well as the women and the kids and the Old Country, mind you." He finished stopless and breathless, then added in a lower voice, "I'm

sorry, mate, to give you all this; but when I can't sleep, when I'm resting, all the time when I'm not actually in the thick of it, the thought of him and his likes is a canker in my mind. I can't get quit of it, and it's always before we go into action, just before the whistle goes, that it gets me worst. Damn 'im! There, I'm through now. Perhaps you feel something of the same sort and understand? Most do nowadays."

The other nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, I know. I have two brothers. One is much the same sort as yours, and is doing the same sort of thing, and it is just before the flag falls that I think most of him. He doesn't have to earn his living. I dare say he has given plenty to the different War funds; but he isn't here! He's just carrying on his life, and amusing himself with sport and games. I expect he was dressing to dine out to-night about the time your brother was having tea, then he may have gone to the music-hall or the theatre, or may have played Bridge. It's all the same thing. The other one I don't blame so much. He has a family and a big business. Unless other firms did it he could not afford to join himself or let his employes join; he would lose all to his rivals. In his and in most cases it is the whole nation that I blame more than individual shirkers—the fool nation that sits down and expects a few to do the work of the whole lot. You see it comes back to the same thing, and it's the realization of this that's corroding us. They"—he waved his hand vaguely towards the front of the village—"haven't got these thoughts to worry them. They feel they have justice for all. We may have been fools not to have seen through it before, but we've got to stick it out now!"

"Yes, we have been fools, but we've learnt a lot, and some of us are pretty near the limit."

No more was said. The two men lay still. Dawn was approaching. The sky turned to a cold gray, and the various objects round assumed vague shapes. There was a creaking noise up in the roof of the barn; it increased to a sound of snapping.

"Mind yourself—the roof!" shouted the lame soldier, and jumped up. As the other sprang off the straw the roof of the barn fell in with a loud crash. The thrust of the rafters pushed out large masses of the wall, and the lean-to shelter, just vacated, crumpled up under a shower of bricks. Despite the damp, the air was filled by a choking cloud of dust and dry mortar from the interior of the masonry.

"Get a light from the hospital—that house over there—you're quicker than me," said the lame man as he tried to force the door of the barn, which, opening inwards, was jammed with *débris*. He muttered, "Thought as much. We are all fools here—some a little more than the rest—but all fools." His only answer was the chorus of cries that rose from the mass of masonry and timber inside the building as he shoved at the door.

The gray of the sky had now assumed a greenish tinge when a close rifle-shot rang out, then another. A dropping fire began, and, finally, the rattle of musketry burst out all round. Shouts arose, whistles were blown, and three shots from a gun near by brought down a fresh cascade of bricks. Forgetting his foot, forgetting even his brother, the lame man dodged the shower and ran for his rifle. The other, now running up with the lantern, fell over the wall into the yard. Quickly scrambling up, he vanished over the enclosure in order to test practically the direction of his loopholes. But the smashed lantern lay where it had fallen, a rivulet of flame sneaking quickly and silently between the cobble-stones towards the heap of

straw. A cloud of dense smoke crawled softly up the wall of the building, and then the barn itself, the yard, and the immediate neighborhood were lit up in a fierce orange glare.

The "slaves" were actually making an attempt to recapture the village! The conflagration was the one thing necessary to light up the target for their guns, and bursting shell now added their share to the turmoil round the blazing barn. But its utility even in this direction was short-lived, for each building soon stood out purple and distinct against the soft lemon yellow of the coming day.

By this time theatre, music-hall, even Bridge must have been long over. The brothers and the "host" of others at home were probably in bed and asleep, and for a short time at least, were not in the thoughts of those playing the game at the front.

Evening is closing in over the little ravine. It is a mere topographic underfeature which would be shown on no map, however large the scale, but one which has assumed great importance for many human beings. There is still plenty of light, enough to see the little flags fluttering on its edge and to see that the tortuous hollow is for some distance full of men. They are some of those who were holding the village down below—that village upon which the enemy made such a desperate but unsuccessful counter-attack at dawn this morning. They have fought their way throughout the day up to close range of the conscripts' position, and are now waiting under cover. Some are at the bottom of the hollow, some on one side, some on the other, according to its direction, and they are collected in distinct groups, not distributed over the slopes. There are many places which appear to be avoided by common consent, though it would surely be more comfortable for

these weary men to be scattered about at ease instead of being herded together as they are. It is only after the frequent recurrence over these spots of sharp smacking sounds, each accompanied by its little spurt of dust—ghostly gray in the half light—that the reason for their unpopularity becomes obvious. Far from giving the security which such a ravine promises, these spots catch many of the bullets humming down the hillside. The bodies lying there also show that the selection of the exact spots safe from long range, probably unaimed rifle-fire, is a matter of trial and error and not of intuition. One of those who have thus suffered to point the way for others is the man who might have been an officer. For him the final flag has fallen, and he lies face to the earth, head down the slope.

The men in their huddled groups are lying down and squatting between the boulders and bushes. Some, by their attitude of absolute abandonment, show that they have reached the apathetic stage of fatigue: panting, with arms extended, they lie on back or stomach. Others roll their heads from side to side, or rock to and fro muttering. No one talks, and the only near sound to break the monotonous wailing overhead is the smack of stray bullets into the sides of the hollow and the rattle and clank of rifle or dangling shovel as men move. Even in this light it is not a pleasant sight. They are not pleasant men—these soldiers at their last gasp. Tattered, unshaven, and tanned, the congealed blood of wounds scarcely shows. Filthy they are too, not with the honest grime of a day's toil, but with the repulsive accumulation of a much longer period, and the air of the ravine is tainted with the reek of an unwashed crowd.

Though not Regulars, the men attacking have done wonders, and are now veterans as good as any profes-

sional soldiers in the world: they have almost accomplished the impossible, and have cheerfully suffered every hardship without being shaken. But a feeling of exasperation has at last crept into their minds and is demoralizing them. They feel that they have been made scapegoats. They have been fools, fools, and again Fools.

Soon when ammunition and supports arrive, they will move on again towards their objective. Now they are resting and thinking. The rests are welcome to tired nature; not so the thoughts which so insistently come with them.

The man without the boot has arrived safe so far, and is sitting at the bottom of the hollow. He has not seen his chance bedfellow and mentor of last night since the alarm early this morning, and has even forgotten his existence. He is at present fully occupied with his own affairs. There is no hurry: he scoops out a small hollow in the ground at his side, and unwinding the dirty bandage places his foot against the damp, cool gravel. It is not much, perhaps, but it is better than the constriction of the heated rag which has pressed it for hours. He clasps the other knee, closes his eyes, and—thinks.

It seems a long time that they have to wait in this shelter. The three things that they now require most are—ammunition, reinforcements, and water. Though it is of the last that each man personally most feels the need, he will only get it if it arrives before the other two; once the supports and the cartridges come up there will be no waiting for water. At last there is some commotion in the hollow—it is the ammunition. Silently it is distributed; silently and mechanically the bandollers are filled. Before it gets quite dark a vague shadow passes high up over the hollow in the ground. It is quite visible and by no means

noiseless; but, perhaps owing to the din all round, possibly owing to the general apathy, no notice is taken of it. No one shoots upwards, no bombs are dropped, and the shape floats away up the hill, probably to report to the hostile artillery the exact spot where this section of the attack has so mysteriously gone to earth and whence it will suddenly issue forth. Still they wait, and still the commander, who is now connected by telephone with the rear, anxiously inquires as to supports. Those of the men who are not too self-absorbed listen for the roar of the guns behind, which will cover the advance of their own men. It does not begin. Reinforcements are not easy to find in this army even when badly required.

A gentle rain begins to fall. The air is now quite cold. The man with the bare foot continues to mutter. Though he is becoming chilled and stiff, he does not notice the rain; his foot feels cool, and he carefully re-wraps it in the now wet rag. The men all round are digging out little hollows in the ground to catch the rain-water, and are sucking the wet pebbles. He does not notice. The little hollows slowly turn to shallow pools of water, and the strange spectacle is offered of a herd of men on all fours lapping from the ground with sucking noises. He does not notice. Suddenly he is brought to actualities. A feeling of collapse grips him: he feels unaccountably ill, forlorn, unmanned. His body sways. Is he going to faint? Involuntarily he stretches out a hand to steady himself and puts it into something quite cold. He looks down: he is seated in a trickle of muddy water. To have the head or the whole body wet is nothing, but to be seated in cold water is of all things that best calculated to take the heart out of a man. He grasps the cause of his sudden depression, and turning over slowly on all fours he laps from the mud and the

gravel, then seizes his rifle and crawls stiffly on to the bank.

The reinforcements have at last started. The telephone has said so to the commander, and the sudden roar of their own guns behind conveys the message to the rest. A few orders are passed down, and most of the men crawl up below the edge of one bank and begin shooting. They can barely see the enemy's position above, owing to the curve of the hill; but they know the range roughly, and can help their comrades' advance by their fire.

Presently one panting man—the first of the supports—drops into the hollow from its lower edge; then others arrive in twos, threes, dozens. All blown, many wounded, they stumble into the ravine. There are too many now for any careful selection of resting-places: the newcomers, moreover, do not know of the dangerous spots in this twisting crack in the hillside. Several come untouched across the open only to be struck down as soon as they reach the haven of refuge, and it is no longer into the hard ground of the exposed spots that the bullets smack. The bearers again become busy. More and more soldiers drop into the hollow, until it is crowded.

If the shape which fluttered overhead only a short time back has done its duty, now is the time for the enemy's artillery to open upon this mass of men crowded together. But no shrapnel whistles its way down to rain a vertical death upon them, no high-explosive shell rumbles down to tear them into fragments. Possibly the enemy wish them to move out first and become visible, the better to shatter them with direct gun- and rifle-fire, and then with the cold steel of the counterstroke. At any rate there is now a respite for their own artillery, covering the advance of reinforcements, has ceased to shoot, now that the latter have reached the safety of the ravine. Its assistance

will be much more needed in a few minutes, and ammunition is precious.

During this respite—this breathing-space—which, as all feel, is the calm before the storm, every man is silent. Time drags even to the most weary. Why don't they go on? Why doesn't the whistle sound? It is just before the flag falls, or that dread moment before the plunge—far worse than the plunge itself—which is always recurring in war, but which never loses its terrors. At such a moment men act variously according to their temperaments, and derive no comfort from the propinquity of a crowd. Death is very near, and if met at all will be met alone, and each soul is isolated, solitary. The general silence gives an impression of apathy, which is belied by the few who mutter prayers or blaspheme at the delay. They are taking this last moment according to their nature. When the whistle sounds they will act alike. None but the dead and wounded will remain behind.

One man stoops to adjust the bandage on his bootless foot. It is not really necessary; but he has a prejudice against being tripped up or being forced to advance barefooted over stones. It may seem superfluous for any thought to be given to such trifles when the air will soon be thick with whistling death; but it is at such moments that they obtrude themselves. He refastens the bandage and gives it

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a pat, then stands up. He keeps swallowing, though he has nothing in his mouth. It is now all but dark. The guns behind roar. The enemy's artillery, however, only reply with star-shell, which light up the hillside; it is infantry that they are thirsting for at present, and they bide their time. The very raindrops sparkle as they fall in the glare of the searchlights: it is the supreme moment; but even the consciousness that they are "playing the game" does not seem to inspire those waiting for the call: they are going into it cold-blooded this time.

A whistle shrills faintly, then shrills again. The sound grips the man with the bandaged leg and intensifies the thoughts that obsess him, reminding him of the football field, of Home, and more acutely of his brother. Mechanically he starts to climb up the bank a little behind the others. He hesitates. Why should he go on? Why should he endure all this?

It is the limit. He lies down deliberately and is left behind.

The rest climb on, and, head down to avoid being dazzled, rush forward into the glare of star-shell and electricity, their bodies showing up in relief as they top the bank. The wailing sound which filled the air rises to a continuous shriek which is heard above the roar of guns, the shouts, and the bursting shells.

THE GRAVE OF THE HORSEMAN.

A little town just glimmered in the distance, lost in orange groves, with a few date palms waving above the saint's tomb near the gate, their ragged tops looking like seaweed in a pool left by the tide upon the beach. High mountains flanked the road, which ran between great boulders, with here and

there flat slabs of whin-stone cropping up, shiny and slippery with the heat. A grove of cork-trees shadowed it on one side, and at the other the precipitous street of the strange mountain village called Babaillein, with the houses separated by a brawling stream which roared and foamed eternally, ran surg-

ing into caverns, and, again emerging into view, made a right angle to its course.

Smoke rose from many of the houses, and a wail of Arab women pierced the noise of the tumultuous stream. A band of horsemen, with a scout or two thrown out on either side, picked their way through the stones, their horses propping themselves on their forelegs, drawing their quarters after them when they had found a foothold, making their riders sway upon their saddles as when a camel rises to its feet. Some of them bore fresh-cut-off heads upon the muzzles of their guns, either stuck stiffly on, as boys stick turnips on a stick, or with a lap of skin left on the throat, through which the gun was thrust, leaving the head to hang down limply like a fish. They drove before them cattle, urging them onwards with their spear-like guns. Occasionally a man stood out upon a rock and fired his long and slender-barrelled gun, which went off sullenly as the rough, home-made powder, ill rammed home, ignited slowly, sending the bullet over the heads of the retiring band. Sometimes a woman stood close to their path, shaking a ragged haik and cursing, and when a horseman passed he turned a little out of his way and rode on with his eyes fixed far away, as if he had seen nothing, leaving her wailing by the road.

They closed their ranks and rode into the track that leads from Fez to Séfru, the scouts falling back on the main body when the last dropping shots of the harried villagers were spent. Horses neighed shrilly, and when they passed mares feeding by the outskirts of the cork wood, danced sideways or plunged into the air, their riders checking them so sharply with the curb that a red foam hung round their mouths as they fell back upon the bit. A cloud of dust hung over all the band, through which at times appeared

a horse and rider, the man dressed all in white, save a long blue cloak which streamed out in the wind, and the horse saddled with the high-canted Arab saddle covered with orange silk. Faces tanned to the color of a boot or white as ivory, and set in jet-black beards looked out from under hoods drawn up above their turbans, with here and there a flat-nosed negro, looking still blacker in the white clothes he wore. Black, gray and chestnut, with roans and piebalds and the mixed colors that the Arabs call "stones of the river," their horses looked as if they all stepped from pictures by Velazquez, with tails that swept the ground, manes reaching almost to their knees, and forelocks falling to their nostrils, covering their eyes like veils. Their riders, thin and wiry, were of those who live by "clashing of the spurs," as goes the Arab phrase, and their wild eyes appeared to be eternally fixed on the horizon and to see nothing nearer than a mile away. Except the love of blood and pillage, they had but one thing common—the fear and hatred of their chief, who rode alone behind them, swathed to the eyes in white, on which a spot or two of blood served as a sort of trade-mark of his interior grace.

Seated a little heavily upon a chestnut horse with a white tail and mane, Si Omar had returned his gun to its red flannel case, but held it still across the saddle, balanced against the pommel with an occasional motion of his hand. His horse reared and plunged forward now and then, fretting to join the others, but its rider took no notice except to slack his bridle hand a little, and when the animal came back upon the bit and gave its head he threw the long red silken reins across his shoulder, where they remained, looking as if someone had drawn a bloody finger down his clothes. His spear-like, single-pointed spurs hung loosely from his

red-and-yellow riding-boots, and just behind his heavy stirrups damascened with gold, had made a bloody patch upon his horse's flanks, which he spurred constantly, after the Arab fashion, to keep him to his pace. Dark, for a Berber, and marked a little here and there with small-pox, his spare black beard showing the skin between the hairs, Si Omar looked about forty-five, and had begun to put on flesh a little, after the fashion of his race when fortune smiles upon them, although he passed his life on horseback and in the open air. He wore the lock of hair, hanging down on his cheek, called by the Berbers "*el ket-taleh*", that gave an air of fierceness to his face, which his wild eye and ever-twitching mouth accentuated. His hands were small with the nails clean and cared for, and when he raised his arm the loose sleeves of his selham left bare his wrist, slender and nervous, with something of the look as of a leopard's claw or of the leg of a gazelle. As he rode on he drew a fold of his selham about his mouth, covering his face, leaving his eyes, blood-shot and staring, alone exposed to view. Passing the cork wood the horsemen, driving their "*creagh*" slowly in front of them, came out upon the plain and struck into a road which ran along the foothills of the mountains, from which the little, glistening town of Séfru appeared, a league or two away, buried in gardens and in woods. The sun was slanting towards the west and bathed the plain in a pale glow which blended everything together, making the pastoral Arab life a perfect illustration of the Old Testament as we conceive it, in the glow of the imagination of our faith. Herds lowed, and sheep drawn out in lines straggled towards the fold, preceded by a boy who piped upon a reed whose twittering notes hung in the air like the faint echo of a lark's song,

when it has soared into the clouds.

The women went and came about the wells dressed in the desert-blue that makes their supple figures look even more slender than they are, with pointed amphoræ upon their shoulders or balanced on their heads. Foals frisked beside their mothers, and here and there camels stood up outlined against the sky or browsed upon the thorny bushes, their outstretched necks writhing about like snakes. Elders sat at the doors of tents in groups, and the whole plain looked peaceful, happy, and exhaled an air as of eternity, so well the life fitted the scene and the scene sanctified the life. Above it, the marauding band passed, as a kite may pass above a dovecot, a wolf prowl past a fold, or as a train rushes at sixty miles an hour through some quiet valley in the hills. The horses neighed and passaged, and a cloud of dust covered the horsemen and the animals they drove, whilst in the rear the solitary chief rode silent and as if buried in a dream.

The world was going well with him, and the new sultan had confirmed him in his governorship both of the tribe and of the town. Indeed he was a man designed by nature to rule over such a tribe as was Alt Yusi, whose members passed their lives in fighting and in deeds of violence. His father had ruled them with a rod of iron, making himself so hated that at last the tribe had risen and burned him on a pile of hay. He knew himself detested, even by his horsemen, and for that reason always rode behind them to avoid an accidental shot, though at the same time they all feared him far too much to look him in the face. So he rode on, cursing his horse when it tripped on a stone, and muttering the proverb that declares the horseman's grave is always open, when it stumbled in the mud, and keeping a keen eye on all the thickets for a chance shot from

some of his own tribesmen and on his soldiers whenever they looked back. Still he had passed his life upon the watch, after the fashion of a tiger, and now he was content to muse upon the future as his horse paced along the road. The way seemed open for him to ascend, and the new sultan was on the look-out for men on whom he could rely. Visions of larger governments rose in his mind, of the great kasbah he would build—for building is a passion with the Arabs—with courts that led from courts into more courts, with crenellated walls, a garden with its clump of cypresses, a mosque, rooms paved with tiles from Fez and Tetuán, a fishpond full of gold and silver fish, with water everywhere, gurgling in little rills of white cement beneath the orange trees. He saw himself all dressed in dazzling white, sitting upon a mattress in a room open to the court of orange trees, lulled by the murmuring of the water, drinking green tea flavored with amber amongst his women, or talking with his friends, what time his secretary wrote his letters, in his guest-chamber.

Horses, of course, were plentiful, and all of lucky colors, so that a man when he set off upon a journey might be certain to return. Some should be pacers, for the road, and others for the powder-play, light as gazelles, and blitted so as to turn, just as a seagull turns upon the wing. He felt himself assured of fortune and safe to rise in the good graces of his lord, whilst the declining sun, which fell upon his face, blinding him to the difficulties of the rough track on which he rode, induced a feeling of contentment which perhaps threw him off his guard.

A mare and foal feeding close by had set Si Omar's horse neighing and plunging, and he, swaying a little to the plunges, may perhaps have touched it in the mouth too sharply with the bit. After a spring or two, the horse

passed and reared, and lighting on a flat slab of rock which cropped up in the middle of the road, slipped sideways and fell with a loud crash, its shoes, in the last struggle to maintain its balance, sending a shower of sparks into the air. All passed as if by magic, and the man who but an instant previously had ridden so contentedly, lay a crushed mass of draggled white under the horse, which in a moment had regained its feet. He lay pale, but quite conscious, with his hand still clasped upon his rifle, looking up fiercely like a wounded animal awaiting the final stroke. His followers, hearing the noise, turned and surrounded him, glaring down at their wounded chief with hard, unsympathizing eyes. Not a word passed on either side, and then a Berber, mounted upon a sorrel colt with four white feet and a large blaze upon its nose, exclaimed "God wishes it; Si Omar's day is done." Then, slowly levelling his gun, he shot his fallen chieftain through the body at short range, and all the rest, crowding about him as he lay bleeding on the ground, fired into him, spurring their horses over the prostrate body on the ground. Whether Si Omar died of the first shot, or whether, seeing his day was done, he set his teeth and died as a wild boar dies, silently, without a sign, none of his slayers knew. A cloud of dust hung in the air above the spot where men rode furiously about firing their guns and shouting, and then it cleared away, leaving a small, white bundle of torn rags upon the ground stained here and there with blood.

The white-maned chestnut which the dead man had ridden stood grazing quietly a hundred yards away, and the declining sun fell on the stony hill beyond the road, flushing it with a tinge of pinkish yellow, between the color of an old piece of ivory and a worn Roman brick. A league away Séfru lay

sleeping in its orange groves, and from the plain below the road came up the bleating of the sheep as they were driven to the fold.

The slayers, pressing their Arab stirrups into their horses' sides, rode on a little, and as they passed an angle of the road, settling their flowing robes and loading up their rifles as they went, a Berber turned and, sitting sideways on his horse, fired a last shot at

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his dead chief, which struck the ground a little short and, flying upwards, flattened the bullet on a rock far up against the hill. The horsemen drew together, as if by instinct, just as a flight of birds collects after some incident which has broken up their ranks, and, swaying in their saddles easily, their long white selhams fluttering in the wind, they disappeared along the road.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

THE REVOLT OF THE POET.

The poets of the past wrote in revolt against their surroundings. So write also the poets of the present. The average citizen, in a cool hour, unjaundiced, will boast—or at least acknowledge—an immense amelioration. Freedom, toleration, spiritual and even material emancipation are accepted as natural as the sunshine and common air. Yet the poets seem none the less unhappy. Plato would have expelled them all from the Republic. He was convinced that their controversy was less with the remediable than with the irremediable ills of humanity. They stir up a discontent which cannot be directed to any fruitful issue, because it is discontent against the inevitable: the passing of youth into age, the lack of buoyancy and inspiration amongst those condemned to the mechanical work of the world; "quick-coming death"; the caprice and fickleness of love. However this may be, the life of the poet in twentieth-century England is still a tragedy. It is tragedy even when the poet himself possesses indubitable genius and a secure appeal from the present to the future. It is tragedy unrelieved when that genius is still obscure, but hardly finding utterance, choked and impeded by waywardness or some twist or turn of nature, or just the inadequacy of the powers of

expression for the thoughts conveyed. And such was the genius of John Davidson, who, after years of protest and indignation, appears to have effected an angry exit from life. Others have torn their days to pieces with bodily weaknesses or excesses, or turned aside, like Ernest Dowson, simply shutting their eyes to the squalid and baffling present; or, like Francis Thompson, sought refuge in older, confident religions from the confusion of modern belief. There were occasions when this man attempted a similar flight from reality. In the "Fleet Street Eclogues," in some of the earlier songs and ballads of the seasons, in rejoicing over the return of spring or the splendor of the woods in autumn, he manifested a deliberate effort at escape—out to a world still clean and tranquil and beautiful, from all the dust and fury of men's disappointed days. Always he seemed drawn back as by a magnet into the vast city. The burden of it lay heavy upon him, stifling utterance. He spat out a fury of revolt against it; he broke into almost inarticulate curses and blasphemies against it; he hated whatever Providence was ruling over it; he hated the men who were making it what it was—arrogant, intolerant, blindly content. He came to hate himself for acquiescing in it.

He has died—if he be dead—in protest.

The resolution to bring it to a close appears to have been deepened by two facts: the one was the possibility of painful disease coming to add discomfort to the malady of the soul: the other was the failure of all his later work to relieve him from poverty or to obtain recognition. It is pathetic to-day to look back upon the earlier praise of more than ten years ago, when the work of John Davidson, in its sincerity and vitality and strong relentless determination, was hailed as the promise of a new poetic dawn. "Scaramouch" was compared to "Shagpat," the early plays and romances hailed as possessing the "natural magic" of the Celt: Mr. Andrew Lang announced a belated pair of hands clapping that "remarkable book," the "Fleet Street Eclogues." "A type of the younger generation," Mr. Zangwill called him, "which is knocking at the door, and will assuredly vivify us with the breath of its new life and the ardor of its new song." And here was no grudging tribute of the few, rather a chorus of approval at evidence of work which, whatever its deficiencies, suffered from no sugary sweetness, and was a voice rather than an echo. The praise was not exaggerated. The earlier volumes remain today, rugged, irregular, often failing to attain their mark, lacking, except in certain isolated lines and passages, that beautiful setting for emotion which is the work of supreme art: but still revealing power, which was rightly hailed as opening rich promise for the future. It is a misfortune that no such verdict can be passed on his work to-day. No one expected much more from him than he has given already. His work was torn and jagged, deliberately mutilated (as it seems), while he hacked and stabbed at the life he saw around him. "The happy country tone" was lost in the "stormier note" of "men contention tost, of men

who groan." Here, also, was as legitimate a subject for poetry as the earlier idylls, and there are poets who have revolted as fiercely whose voice has still maintained the quality of music. FitzGerald's epicurean pessimism is, perhaps, too slight an affair to be associated with deep reaction—rather revealing itself as a kind of pleasurable sadness over the wine-cup amid the roses—at the passing of love and the death of the flowers. Swinburne's assaults were made by one who always felt first the poetic impulse, the "reed" through which all sounds—even discordant injustices and tyrannies—were "blown into music." But in the work of James Thomson, a poet with temperament and indignation very similar to John Davidson, and perhaps a deeper neglect, the careless cruelty of the city and the intolerable injustices of God and man, became gathered into a sombre and magnificent vision of a City of Dreadful Night, with, brooding over it, the Melancholy that transcends all wit. Davidson effected no such unity. His impeachment lost power in rhetoric which sometimes became tedious in its catalogue of discontents, until the reader could almost see the pen spluttering under his hand. His later "testaments" and philosophic meditations are almost as unintelligible as the philosophic meditations of the later Browning, and will probably be forgotten as easily. He thought himself called to reveal an ultimate theory of life and destiny which was to replace all the older faiths, a combination of lessons learnt from Darwinism and Nietzsche and sundry "materialistic" and "iconoclastic" authors, all garnished and flavored by the bitterness of individual failure. The creed has perished with him—without a disciple. It is a deeper charge against it that, in the effort after its exposition, there perished also his poetic genius.

"I have shown you," he declared in

the preface to "The Testimony of John Davidson," "the little and broken bits of a shattered society, the débris and wreckage of Christendom, clamoring to be put together again—after a pattern of its own." Nothing, he believes, can effect that rebuilding. He examines certain items in this ruin: lecturing Ireland on its demand for self-government that shall include Ulster, railing at representative Government, mocking at the demand of the women for the vote, announcing that marriage is dependent on property, and that "when men have no lands and money to bequeath, a son of their own blood will be of no consequence." "For my part," he asserted, "I have come out of it all, and have found another abode for my mind and imagination, not in any symbol of the Universe, which Christendom was, but in the Universe itself." And so he lays down the new gospel, which, indeed, is suspiciously like many old gospels, with some scientific jargon added. "There is no other world: there never was anything that man has meant by other world: neither spirit, nor mystical behind-the-veil: nothing not ourselves that makes for righteousness: no metaphysical abstraction." But there is matter, beginning as one "unponderable ether, oblivious, omnisolvent": lightening "the first emergence of the ponderable from the imponderable: fermentation in the "eternal ether" cells, electrons, the first limitation of matter: eddying vortices: atoms: evolutions: metalloids and metals: finally, man and woman arrived at by life through geological periods by natural selection. "Man" he hails as "the very form and substance of the universe, the material of eternity, eternity itself become conscious and self-conscious." "This is the greatest thing told since the world began." What, in the name of God or the ether, asks the indignant reader, as he wades through obscure and difficult attempts

to set all this to blank verse, has this pseudo-scientific concoction to do with poetry? "Glory to man in the Highest," cried Swinburne, "for man is the master of things." But he found that glory in the present experience—of exultation, agonies, love, an unconquerable mind. Davidson loses these impressions of splendor in a revolt against present experience, scarcely mitigated by attempts to describe the development from the primeval electron to present bewildered humanity.

But to the poet it came as an inspiration. He proclaimed himself the apostle of a new faith which was to redeem mankind from all the old scourges which he traced to Christendom. With Lucretius he associated the destruction of the gods with an act of emancipation. No sadness accompanied the ruin of heaven, the fall of the gates of pearl and courts of jacinth and shattered crysolite. He exults with rejoicing over the collapse of belief in the soul and in a future life. Man is exalted, asceticism blasphemy against the human god: Sex triumphant.

Like leprosy, the soul
With all its noisome blotches, ulcers,
blains,
Of evil conscience, penances, remorse,
Contrition, sloughs, now crumbles into
nought
Leaving the proud, sweet body, clean
and pure
The wholesome earth, the sun, the Uni-
verse,
Infinite loveliness, ethereal power.

"You are the Universe," says Mammon to Guendolen, "and everything that is. This is the thing the world is waiting for, this that I tell you." And what Mammon told Guendolen, Davidson told the world—believing with an intense, pathetic seriousness that this message was that for which all humanity was waiting. It was a message of destruction—*écraser l'infâme*. It was a message of exhilaration; destined (as

he thought) to bring summer into men's lives.

Were I unloosed
I should upheave this vault and batter
down
The buttress of the Church that hides
high Heaven—
Heaven and the heavens showing you
far and wide
The immaculate, material Universe,
All radiance, darkness, beauty, glory,
power.

"We can never know enough," he wrote in the epilogue to "Mammon," "that man is the Universe capable of self-consciousness, that there is nothing higher than man. This is the knowledge that will change the world."

It is a knowledge that brought no summer into this man's life. With one voice he is hailing man as God; with another, he is exhibiting man blind and weak and brutal, the plaything and sport of chance and jealousies. What message of transformation does the great discovery bring to the hero of that gaunt and bitter ballad of "Thirty Bob a Week"—who awoke "a million years before the blooming sun," a little sleeping seed, and "always went according to the laws" until he had attained consummation in that dreariest hell of hopeless acquiescence? "Thy will be done," he flares out. "You say it if you durst!"

They say it daily up and down the land
As easy as you take a drink, its true;
But the difficultest go to understand
And the difficultest job a man can do
Is to come it brave and meek with
thirty bob a week
And feel that that's the proper thing
for you.

The difficulty is fairly faced in the ballad of the making of a poet: when, fleeing from the hard and (to him) unbelievable puritan theology of Scotland to the worship of Apollo and Aphrodite, the young dreamer confronts the vision of man as God with the reality of men

as men—a "god that lies and steals and murders": "passionate, dissolute, incontinent"; a god that starves in thousands:—

Whose nostrils in a palace breathe perfume,
Whose cracking shoulders hold the palace up,
Whose shoeless feet are rotting in the mire.

He determines then to walk another path; to listen to the tune of Nature's heart; to be a thoroughfare for all the pageantry of Time; to put aside all creeds. So long as he was faithful to his resolution he produced poetry: now a passionate expression of Nature's moods, the Romney Marshes, in Epping Forest, gazing from the northern heights over the monstrous city or from other heights over vaster and more splendid plains:—

Where everlasting mountains flung
Their shadows over tower and town,
The adventurous sun took heaven by storm,
Clouds scattered largesses of rain,
The sounding cities, rich and warm,
Smouldered and glittered in the plain.

When this resolution failed, and he embraced a faith as dogmatic, compelling, and intolerant as any of the older creeds, his inspiration departed.

Two years ago, at the age of fifty, "nine-tenths of my time," he was compelled to write, "and that which is more precious, have been wasted in the endeavor to earn a livelihood." "For half a century I have survived in a world entirely unfitted for me," "having known both the Heaven and the Hell thereof." The thought of suicide recurs in his later work. "So men should die," says Prince Mammon:

It shall become again a shameful thing
To wait in debile age, a pap-fed dotard
Shunning disdainful death.

The "last journey" which closes "The Testament of John Davidson" is a nobly-written confession of defeat and weariness:—

My feet are heavy now, but on I go,
My head erect beneath the tragic
years,
The way is steep, but I would have
it so;
And dusty, but I lay the dust with
tears,
Though none can see me weep; alone I
climb
The rugged path that leads me out of
time—
The Nation,

Out of time and out of all,
Singing yet in sun and rain.
Heel and toe from dawn to dusk,
Round the world and home again.

"Scotland sent him forth." It could be said of him as of another, "a Herculean man. Our mad Babylon wore and wasted him with all her engines." And if it cannot be continued, "he sleeps with his fathers in that loved birthland," yet the end is common to both—as to all—"Babylon with its deafening inanity rages on; but to him henceforth innocuous, unheeded—for ever."

THE SCENERY OF THE TRAIN.

Stevenson knew the fascination of watching country scenery from the train. He has written of it in "A Child's Garden of Verses." The train stands still; the country rushes past:—

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and
ditches;
And charging along like troops in a
battle,
All through the meadows the horses
and cattle:

All of the sights of the hill and the
plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

The child's face is against the glass;
other children scramble and play in the
fields below him:—

Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!

The child, perhaps, may stand by the
carriage-door. Other, older people, to
enjoy watching the scenery properly,
need first a corner-seat. It should be

a seat with other advantages. It should be as comfortable as possible; it should be on the sunny side of the carriage in winter, and the shaded side in summer, and it is best facing the engine; then you can see what is coming rather than what is going. But it must be a corner-seat first and foremost; and having secured it, he who knows how to travel well is filled with an idle content. The level train glides on; the miles unfold themselves; fields and woods and mountains spread themselves in the sunlight and are gone.

You cannot get at the best of all scenery from the railway. The cities and villages deny themselves. No charming country village sets itself about a railway station; no great city was built to be seen by railway travellers. With the road it is different. Architects plan buildings to be looked at from the road; even those who lay out the quietest gardens may think how the road should be joined by the carriage-drive. The gates may be as handsome as the house itself beyond. But nobody ever plans scenery for the railway traveller; nobody ever gives the railway a picture. Look at the differ-

ent approaches, by railway and by road, to such a place as Oxford. Almost from any direction by road the buildings group themselves with a purpose; but choose to come into the High Street over Magdalen Bridge, with the sparkle of the Cherwell under the pollards below, and the slender grace of the tower above the bridge; the domes and spires and noble spaces move one by one into the picture; you see it all best from the road. Then travel to Oxford by train. The station merges its bricks and its noise into narrow streets and rows of insignificant houses; beyond, in the distance, the spires and towers set themselves along the skyline, but it is the unlovely foreground which insists. Of the city itself, and the graces of its gray stone, its ordered age and its noble trees, you will see nothing whatever.

But the country, and especially the deepest country of all, shows itself to the traveller by train without reserve. You may even come to that pleasantest sense of enjoying scenery, the sense of being shown wide and shining visions from privileged places, of being allowed to share in a secret, of seeing without being seen. Perhaps that sense comes clearest on the longest journeys; it is the longest journeys which lead through the wildest country, and only in the level, uninterrupted travelling that runs through day and night that you may see so silent and gradual a thing as the dawn lighting successive miles of moor and hill. That is one of the finest realizations of distance and change of scene that a traveller can experience, to wake and watch the dawn break over new country; as he may watch it, for instance, on one of the great railways running north from London. The warm, well-lighted train moves slowly out from the London platform away into the English night; the lucky voyager sleeps, and wakes to hear the smoke-grits rattling like hail

upon the carriage-roof, and the engine settled down to a steady snore pushing mile after mile into the dark. There is a colder intake of air at the opened window; the North breathes a wind that has touched ice. But it is a morning wind; there is a sense of light about the contours of the nearer uplands against the sky. You are running through the kindly, gentle slopes of the Scottish Lowlands; the skyline undulates across the carriage window; the shapes of dusky, rounded hills rise and fall. The light grows and spreads, Lowlands change to Highlands, the sun shines out over brown and purple plough and Eastern sea-water, and then, entering the great gray-granite city of the North, you may realize again how little a town will let the railway see of her. Beyond the town, perhaps, the railway runs through deep country again; possibly by the banks of a salmon-river, through pine-woods stretching down to the water, by level green fields and under the broken scarp of a hill. A fisherman scans every yard of that water,—here, where it races rippling over stones; there, where a dark pool swells and eddies; there, again, where a jutting rock catches and turns the current, and he may imagine the gray, ghostlike forms of noble fish lying aslant to the drive of the water. There, over that ripple, his Gordon should fall, and there, to that easy, level slide of glassy black the current should take it, and there, in the tail of the slide and the edge of the ripple, the line should tighten, the rod-top should dip, the bending wood should tug again. So should another, caring little possibly for rods or salmon, stare at the dark stretches of heather and guess how, transfigured to pink and purple under an August sun, the long flank of the hill should breathe scent and heat for tramping shooters; or another, looking out over the wide pastures of the English midlands, decide for himself how

he would ride this or that line of the country, where he would take the fences, how he would rise the hill and come down the grass beyond. But there may be, too, a lazier, quieter way: and perhaps it is the best of all. It is to rest in the easy corner, to feel the sense of steady, powerful movement taking the train into new country, and to watch the gentle stages, the content and the tranquil work and life in the sunlight of changing, passing fields and woods and roads.

A train journey shows flowers as the walker on country roads cannot see them; and there is a new introduction, too, for most people to the life of many birds and beasts too shy of approaching man, but fearless of the rush and roar of the railway. Rabbits on the slope of a railway cutting will let an express train thunder past their tails a yard or two away without a twitch of the ear; a man a hundred yards down the line would have sent the white scutts flickering to cover. Partridges care nothing for the shaking and shrieking of a heavy train putting on brakes on an embankment; and the writer once saw a Soemmering's pheasant, which you would suppose could have had little time to accustom itself to English railroads, pecking unconcernedly in a primrose copse close under the rails of a branch line in Surrey. Nothing more brilliant than the glowing scarlet of the bird's neck and shoulder against the pale flowers could be seen in an English wood. There are even birds which seem to prefer railway banks to other places. Swallows and martins, of course, love to flock about telegraph-wires in the autumn, but they are

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scared to sudden chatterings and flightings by an oncoming train. But there is a bird—the red-backed shrike—which regards railway-lines and telegraph wires as erected for his peculiar benefit. He nests in scrubby thorn under the telegraph-poles, and on the wires he sits and surveys a weaker, gentler world of nestlings and edible beetles. Here and there the railway bank has become more than a nesting-place for shy birds; it has grown into a true wild garden. Wallflowers seed themselves in the interstices of cuttings through rock; the yellow toadflax shines on the rim of chalkwalls, and the tiny pluk convolvulus pushes its tendrils in the dry and dusty heat of crumbled chalk and gravel; but the freshest flower of all the railway banks is the primrose. Where the primrose seeds itself generously and happily, the scenery even of a long run through a high cutting can have the graces of a garden. Perhaps it is the sheer length of the run, the miles of country covered as they would not elsewhere be covered, that leads often enough to a railway journey finding the first real clumps of primroses of April, the first dog-violets, the earliest burst of white may. It must be the extent of fields, one after another, seen from the railway that shows much more often than not the first shrinking, suckling lambs of January; and for many who have travelled after weeks of London into the English West Country at Easter there must always be a memory that belongs to the railroad first; broad green acres in evening sunlight, and the earliest short cowslips dotting yellow about the cool, scented fields.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Arthur Stringer's "The Gun-Runner" contrasts agreeably with his two novels having a criminal hero and heroine at play with science and law, for this hero is a "wireless" operator who permits himself no worse crime than arranging destiny for those whose messages he should have treated impersonally and impartially. In his case, there was really no choice beyond that between aiding political corruption, and acting with the righteous, strict impartiality was not permitted to the author, and his choice of the lesser evil is commendable, especially as it favors the heroine, a stout little partisan of a certain non-existent South American republic, and a hearty enemy of the "gun runner," who is the well-known mercenary Irishman, the familiar friend of all readers of Mr. Harding Davis, and an actual personage. His deeds are the interesting part of the story. The uninteresting passages are those which bristle with the technicalities of "wireless," for Mr. Stringer has not the skill to make them live in the reader's eye; he is dominated by them, but when he lets them go and the ordinary Spanish American revolutionary ways come into effect, the story becomes enjoyable; amid a general fusillade the lovers come into their happiness and the gun runner departs from this world. In one of the closing chapters a wonderful motor race is described with much skill and spirit. B. W. Dodge & Co.

Frank Danby's "Sebastian" appears in England under a title plainly indicating its author's hostility to the English public school which she seems to regard as a blight upon the fair promise of English youth, but her Sebastian is one who would hardly succeed in

the England of to-day, not even if he were educated solely by his all accomplished mother. He belongs to the Georgian period, being of the class of Vivian Grey and Cadurcis, the class which patronizes its teachers, sets itself tasks of fantastic difficulty, and is so unendurably brilliant that tutors blink in despair. Consciously, he dates back only to "Stalky & Co.," which work he quotes to one of his masters and regretfully admits that it "made him mad." He does not win a prize for poetry and he and his mother agree that the award which gives it to another is dictated by the policy of favoring boys who play games. He desires to leave school and to make his own life and ultimately his desire is gratified. Obviously, such a youth should be a failure, but in spite of an injudicious marriage he is successful, not because of the intellect inherited from his novel-writing mother, but because of the dogged industry handed down to him by his father. The mother, Vanessa, whose twin sister Shella is a naughty person conceived in Frank Danby's ordinary manner, is a writing machine, a thinker of plots, an originator of titles with no heart and no time for other things not even for the proper estimation of the husband whose adoration of her takes the form of silent indulgence and patient endurance of her indifference. She never sees the real world but lives in the one from which she is making her books, and she is always a mischievous force, not by intention but from ignorance. Enlightenment comes to her when a man compels her to love him, but here the book closes. Sebastian has developed from a prig into a man by force of work and love. She who would have made him her pup-

pet modelled most exquisitely but yet a puppet is left as she begins to follow in his footsteps. As a study of the relations between a self-conscious mother and a self-conscious son the story is good, but why poor Eton is belabored is a mystery to the end. The characters who play chorus are slight but good and the book has none of the lapses of taste found in all its author's previous novels. The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Louis James Block's "The World's Triumph" adds another to the little group of recent American poetical dramas excellent in themselves and of happy augury for the future, inasmuch as their authors imitate neither Ibsen nor Wilde but seek the old ideals of beauty, although they stand abreast with the latest modern thought. "The World's Triumph" although superficially a drama of the middle ages, is really concerned with the great question of the day, the method by which the abuses nourished under the old order may without violence be displaced by fairer plants for the healing of the nations. The scene is Modena, at a time when the plague holds the city in its grasp, the helpless, frightened people angered by their affliction; the Duke shorn of his natural frivolity, and grave with the fresh consciousness of responsibility. Fra Giacomo, Franciscan and reformer, denounces and prophesies, and Alfarabi, Saracenic astrologer, reads the stars and gives counsel, and neither prince nor people is much benefitted, but at last Fiorlinda comes, the peasant maid whose wisdom is love, and people and prince take heart and set forth on a new way, the plague departing, the black apparition of Death seen in the sky revealing itself as "a lesser light within God's light, a love obedient to His love." Apparently the drama is intended for the closet but its mysticism

is not beyond the comprehension of an intelligent audience, its prose passages sometimes dignified, sometimes gently humorous are well written and its poetry is genuine. Possibly the expositions of truth are sometimes too long for acceptance by an audience, but, spoken or read, such passages as these are not to be neglected or when once read, forgotten:

"What Death may be when Love
makes love to Death,
When in the shadow Love uplifts his
torch
And stays the darkness? When grim
vice and shame
Behold themselves in Love's transform-
ing light,
And know their horror? When division
feels
How at the feet of Love it gladly lies
And melts into a nobler passion?

* * * * *

When free Life
Shows Love at its own centre, and each
soul
Is the all of Love that is the all in all."

J. B. Lippincott Company.

Innocence is not an impressive quality, and even with the advantage of direct narration the task of presenting it in personification is so difficult that the author who essays it risks the appearance of absurdity, and the reproof of burlesque, but temerarious indeed is the novelist who attempts to write in the character of innocence telling the story of its life. This has been Miss Lucia Chamberlain's endeavor in her "The Other Side of the Door," and her success has been very remarkable. The heroine, a motherless, convent-taught girl, recently promoted to the head of her father's table, lives in the San Francisco of 1866, the city in which evil manifested itself with frankness so complete that it excited no curiosity, and chance determined whether a well-

bred girl should be too wise in the evil ways of the world, or absolutely ignorant of them. To Miss Chamberlain's heroine fell the latter fate, but a single moment placed the power of life and death in her hands, with liberty to choose between them, and her choice and the manner of it compose the story, which the author makes as bewildering to the reader as it seems to the ignorant little maid who tells it. This is because he is cynically confident so charming a heroine was not created for sudden death or even for slow decline. The evil genius of the tale is perhaps a little dramatic, but life was not exactly tame in the San Francisco of forty years ago and melodramatic figures and incidents were no great surprise to those who knew the city well. The fashion of the dress ascribed to the various personages is at least ten years too early and any physician who, in the San Francisco of 1866, had discoursed of a "sub-conscious effort of the constitution to combat" anything whatsoever would have been suspected of lunacy, because a generation in advance of his time, but these are trifles of small consequence compared with the originality of the book and the skill exhibited in its construction. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The novel of slavery having been rediscovered as a possible form of contemporary fiction, such books as Mr. Herman Whitaker's "The Planter" become possible, and they who would renew some of the emotions felt half a century ago when reading "The White Slave," "Caste," and "Ida May" may do so through their agency with a difference. For instance, the bloodhounds of to-day do not turn foxhounds and worry the man whom they have overtaken, and the creature pursued is of almost any hue rather than black, and, whether male or female, has certain savage characteristics instead of rather

surpassing the white man in eloquence, refinement and Christian spirit. Moreover, in the case of no less than three novels issued within six weeks, the hero hesitates to marry a woman not of his own color, manifesting caution which the authors of the earlier novels of slavery would have regarded as highly pusillanimous. David Mann, Mr. Whitaker's hero, is one of these youths. He goes to Tehuantepec as manager of a rubber plantation conducted for no other purpose than to afford a visible means of support for a corporation organized under the laws by which Maine favors company promoters disposed to be dishonest with those whom they employ, and with those whose money enriches them. He discovers the laws by which certain Mexican States make their convicts profitable, and at the same time expedite their progress to another and a better world, and, being a good young man, he is highly scandalized to discover the theories of morality practised by the planters, and encouraged by the natives. Moreover, he plays Joseph to three Zuleikas of blood more or less mixed, and outwits both the company promoters, and an Austrian Jew agreeably combining the qualities of Legree and Don Juan with the artistic tastes of the Hebrew, and as good a villain as could be desired. The promised thrills come from the attempts of Yaqui Indians to escape from bondage and from stories of their wrongs at the hands of the Mexicans. These tales are historically accurate and make the American reader wonder at the moderation of his own people, for the stories of wanton bloodshed are quite equal to Mr. Rider Haggard's accounts of African massacres. Taken with the occasional gibes at the Mexican President they tend to injure the well-diffused theory that contentment flourishes South of the Rio Grande. Harper & Brothers.